



SCENES
IN THE
HOLY LAND



100





Alice de Blake



SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.





P. De Villiers sculp.

JÉSUS BÉNISANT LES ENFANS .

JESUS SEGNET DIE KINDEIN .

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN .

SCENES
IN THE
H O L Y L A N D .

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P R E F A C E .

IT is one of the most important and interesting duties of the parent and teacher to make children acquainted with the FACTS of Scripture history. The miracles and parables of our Saviour;—the place, occasion and subject of each of his principal discourses;—the incidents of his life in their order and connexion;—the evidences of his divine nature;—the design and results of his life, sufferings and death;—the propagation of his religion, and the character and actions of its early disciples and apostles;—all these should be perfectly familiar to children long before they arrive at mature years.

The AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION has already published several works intended to facilitate this branch of Christian education.

The “Views of Palestine,” “Sunday Readings,” and several of our library books and cards have this end in view. Last year, a valuable friend of the society, then in Paris, called our attention to a new work published in that city, entitled “SCÈNES ÉVANGÉLIQUES,” by *Napoleon Roussel*. We imported the impressions of the plates; and for the description and improvement of them, in the following pages, we are indebted partly to the original and partly to the translator.

The title is not strictly applicable to all the narratives, as some of them relate to events which occurred at a distance from the Holy Land.

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Christ was on earth. Let us travel with Him through that beautiful country, and listen to His kind instructions. You must not forget to look at the pictures while I tell you what they mean, for they will help you to understand and remember much more easily what I say. I want you, first, to look at a picture of the person whose history I am going to relate to you. You will surely love Him, for He is your best friend.

See him standing before that portico, with a crowd of children around Him! How kind He looks! How tenderly He presses that infant to His bosom! He is looking upward, and you can tell, from the kind and holy expression of His face, that He is praying for a blessing to rest on its little head. It is, probably, the first time He has ever seen these children, and yet He loves them, and blesses them. If you, too, had been there, my little friends, perhaps He would have loved you, and taken you in His arms and blessed you.

Who is this holy being, so full of kindness and affection? It is Jesus, the Son of God, God himself, in the form of a man! He has laid aside His greatness, that He may more easily win your love. He, who made hea-

ven and earth ; He, who existed from all eternity ; He, who is holy, just and almighty ; it is even He, who loves you, though you are so weak, so young, so sinful !

The disciples of Jesus think that these children are too small for their master to notice, and they speak roughly to those who have brought them to Him. They wish to send them away. This is very wrong. Nothing is too small for God to notice. He feels as much interest in a feeble child, as in a great king on his throne, for every child has an immortal soul, that is precious in the sight of the Lord. His eye follows even a little sparrow in its flight, so that it does not fall to the ground without His seeing it. Surely, then, our Heavenly Father does not forget any of those little ones, though they may be weak and helpless, to whom He has given souls that will live for ever, and hearts that can love Him for His great mercy and compassion.

But does Jesus let these children depart without His blessing ? O no ! He turns to His disciples, and rebuking them for their unkind words, says, in gentle tones, “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” He means to

teach them, that all, who desire His love and blessing, must be humble and teachable, like little children. You know some little boys and girls are proud, and passionate, and disobedient. It is not of these the Saviour speaks, though, perhaps, some of those standing around Him are thus wicked. He does not wish you to resemble them, but to follow the example of those dear children, who cheerfully obey their parents, gladly listen to their kind instructions, and are meek and lowly in heart. But does not Jesus love even these wicked children? Yes, it is for them, also, He prays. They are of the number of whom the Bible says, "He blessed them." The more wicked children are, the more necessary it is that we should pray for them. Then if your little companions treat you unkindly, do not dislike them or injure them, but remember what Jesus did, and ask the Lord to bless them, to change their sinful hearts and to make them kind to you.

You see there are many women standing near Jesus and his disciples. I suppose you have already guessed that they are the mothers of the children. You think these little boys and girls would not have thought of com-

ing to Jesus to ask his blessing, unless their parents had told them to do so ; for you know that you would seldom remember to pray, or to read the Bible, or to go to the house of God, if you were not reminded of your duty. It is your kind mother who says to you, " My children, kneel down ;" or, " My children, read the word of God." When our Saviour was on earth, mothers loved their children just as much as they do now. Their hearts were full of tenderness for them. These women had heard that a holy man of God was passing through their village, that He had power to heal the sick, and that His blessing made even young children wise and happy. They immediately laid aside their employments, each took her son or daughter by the hand, and, leaving their quiet homes, they hastened to meet Him. See how happy they look now, while hearing the kind words that fall from the Saviour's lips, as He blesses their beloved little ones ! They are happy because they hope their children will be so.

The crowd around Jesus becomes so great, that those mothers who are at a distance from Him cannot approach. They are very anxious to get nearer to Him, fearing that He will depart before He blesses their chil-

dren. They place the largest before them, and, carrying the youngest in their arms, try to press through the throng. They beg those around them to stand out of their way; and they only entreat the people the more earnestly, as they refuse to allow them room to pass.

At length the disciples of Jesus, hearing the noise, and seeing the confusion these women are causing, tell them to be quiet. But these tender mothers do not obey. They think only of their children, and still press on, until, at last, Jesus himself kindly bids them draw near. The crowd make way for them, at His command, and the poor women, filled with gratitude, stand before Him. Jesus, then, gently takes one infant after another within His arms, and its fond mother, trembling with joy at the sight, casts herself at His feet, clasps her hands, and begs the Saviour of the world to bless her child.

Oh! my young friends, if you only understood how much a mother loves her children; if you only knew how much your own dear mother loves you, surely you would love her more, and more cheerfully obey her commands!

While this affectionate mother is thus praying for her son, what is the little boy himself doing? He is not afraid

of the kind Friend, who so tenderly holds him, but clings fondly to His gentle bosom, and is even playing with the long locks of His hair. He is too young to understand why his mother has brought him to the Saviour, or what the solemn words mean, that fall in soft tones from the lips of Jesus, as He lays His hand upon his head and blesses him.

How often do children, who are old enough to feel the importance of religious truth, act as this little boy did! While their anxious parents are explaining to them the blessed word of God, they are playing with the Bibles they hold in their hands, and thinking of foolish, trifling things, instead of trying to understand what is said to them. Even when they are praying, they are thinking of their play; indeed, they care about nothing else, but their little sports. Now children ought to have a time for play; but they should also have a time for serious thought, for, my dear little friends, you have immortal souls, and you are not too young to die. You think the Saviour ought to love little children, as well as grown-up people; then, surely, they ought not to forget that compassionate Redeemer, who is ever ready to bless them.

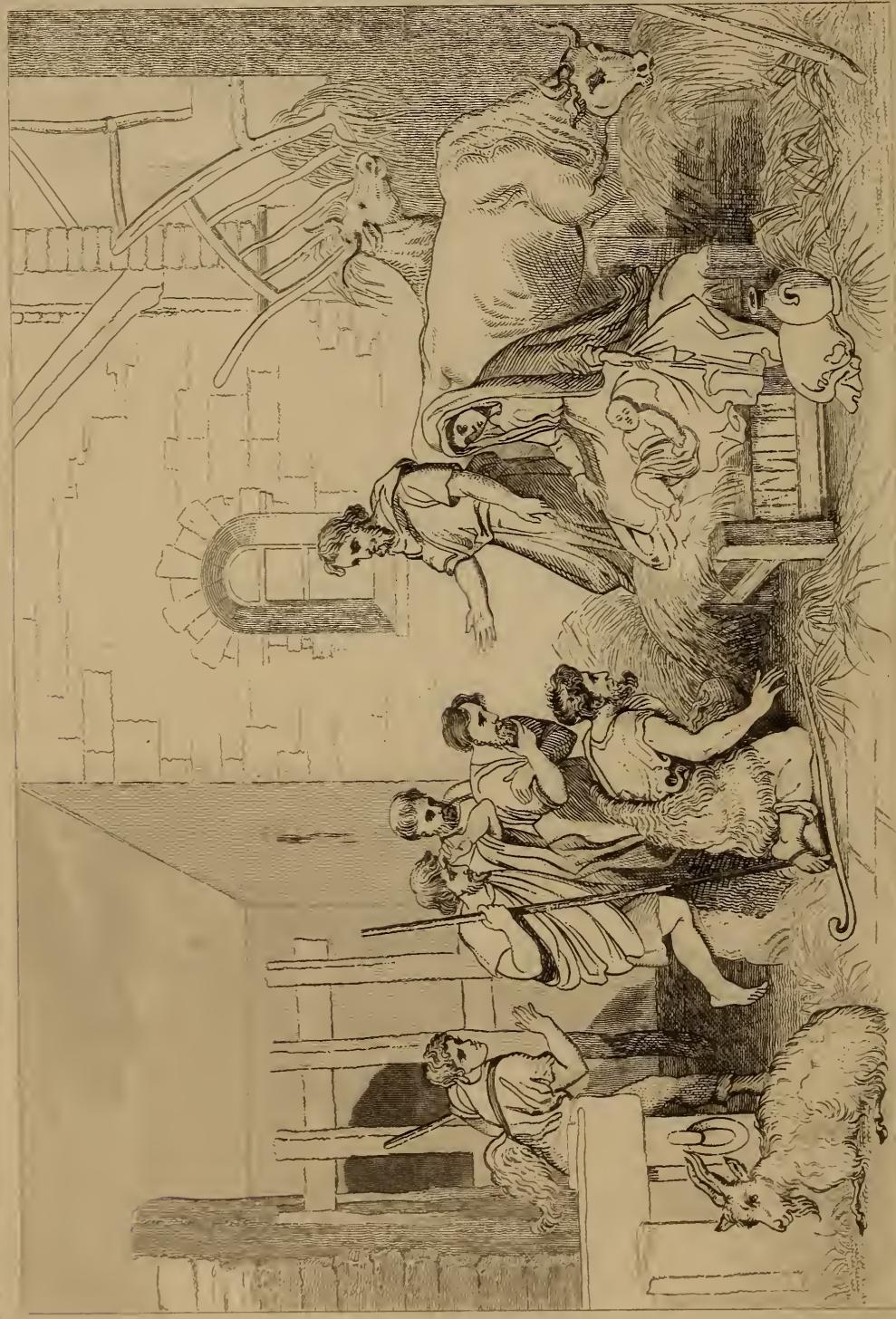
Now that you may more easily remember all that I have told you, I will read you the verses in the Bible about Jesus blessing little children.

“And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.”*

Such, dear children, is Jesus—Jesus, who loves you—Jesus, your best Friend—Jesus, whose history I am going to tell you.

Now I will show you a picture of the place in which He was born.

* Mark x. 13—16.



P. De Villiers sculp.

LES BERGERES À BETHLEHEM.

DIE HIRTEN IN BETHLEHEM.

THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM.

THE SHEPHERDS AT BETHLEHEM.

THIS, dear children, is a picture of the birth-place of our Saviour. It is not a splendid palace, or a richly furnished room. Oh no ! the Son of God, the King of Glory, the Prince of Peace was born in a stable, and laid in a manger ! He, who had dwelt, from eternity, amid the glories of heaven ; whom all the bright angels worshipped, left His heavenly throne and came to earth, to suffer and die for us, miserable sinners. He appeared in the form of a little child. His parents were poor and humble. No mighty kings or great men of the earth welcomed His coming, or spread abroad the glad tidings, that the promised Saviour, the long-expected Messiah, of whom the holy Prophets had so often spoken, had entered our sinful world.

And were there no signs of His coming ? Yes, a bright star appeared in the East, and by its strong light led some wise men, from a far-distant country, to the place where

the infant Jesus lay. And there were angels who came from heaven to proclaim the joyful news. I will tell you who heard their song, and what they did.

In the country around Bethlehem, a small town in Judea, there were shepherds, who were accustomed to stay all night in the fields, with their flocks, that they might protect them from the wolves, and other fierce animals, that often attacked them during the hours of darkness. The climate is there very mild, and the night-air dry, so that it is both safe and pleasant to sleep under tents, or even in the open air. Perhaps, as they lay on the grass, with their sheep lying quietly around them, and the moon and stars above shedding down their pale light, they talked together of the goodness and wisdom of their Maker, and repeated some of the beautiful psalms of David, who was himself a shepherd, and composed many beautiful songs, in which he praises God so sweetly, for the mercy and love which He has shown towards sinful men. Sometimes, too, they may have spoken of the Saviour, whom the Lord had promised and whose coming they had earnestly desired.

One night, as they were thus watching their flocks to-

gether, an angel of the Lord appeared near them, and a bright light from heaven shone round about them. They were very much afraid, but the angel told them not to fear; that he came to bring them the good news that the Saviour was indeed born, and that if they would go to Bethlehem they would find him lying in a manger. While he spoke to them, a great multitude of angels appeared around him, and they all joined in one glad song of praise to God.

How sweetly did the voices of these heavenly messengers sound, as they were heard, in the silent night, on the plains of Bethlehem! How cheering, too, were the words of their song: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men.” The hearts of the shepherds were filled with wonder and joy; and as soon as the angels had gone away again into heaven, they hastened to Bethlehem. Here they found “Joseph and Mary, and the babe lying in a manger.”

Look again at the picture, dear children. Those fine, hardy-looking men are the shepherds.—See how respectful they appear!—They feel that they are in the presence of a being far more exalted than the greatest king on

earth. The youngest of the shepherds still stands at the door, and seems afraid to go forward. He looks on at a distance, while the eldest of his companions draws near and kneels humbly before the infant Jesus. His staff falls from his hand, and, with his eyes fixed on the Holy Child, he appears to forget every thing but the fact, that he now beholds the Saviour of the world. The others stand near him, and bend forward that they may better see Him, whose coming fills them with wonder and delight.

Near the shepherds, in the same stable, you see there are animals quietly feeding. They do not understand what is passing around them—they know not Him, in whom the shepherds are so deeply interested. This conduct is not strange in these animals, who cannot think and feel as we do; but, dear children, can you believe that any one, to whom God has given an immortal soul, can act as these dumb creatures did? Listen to what God himself says: “Hear, O heavens; and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me! The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.” Yes,

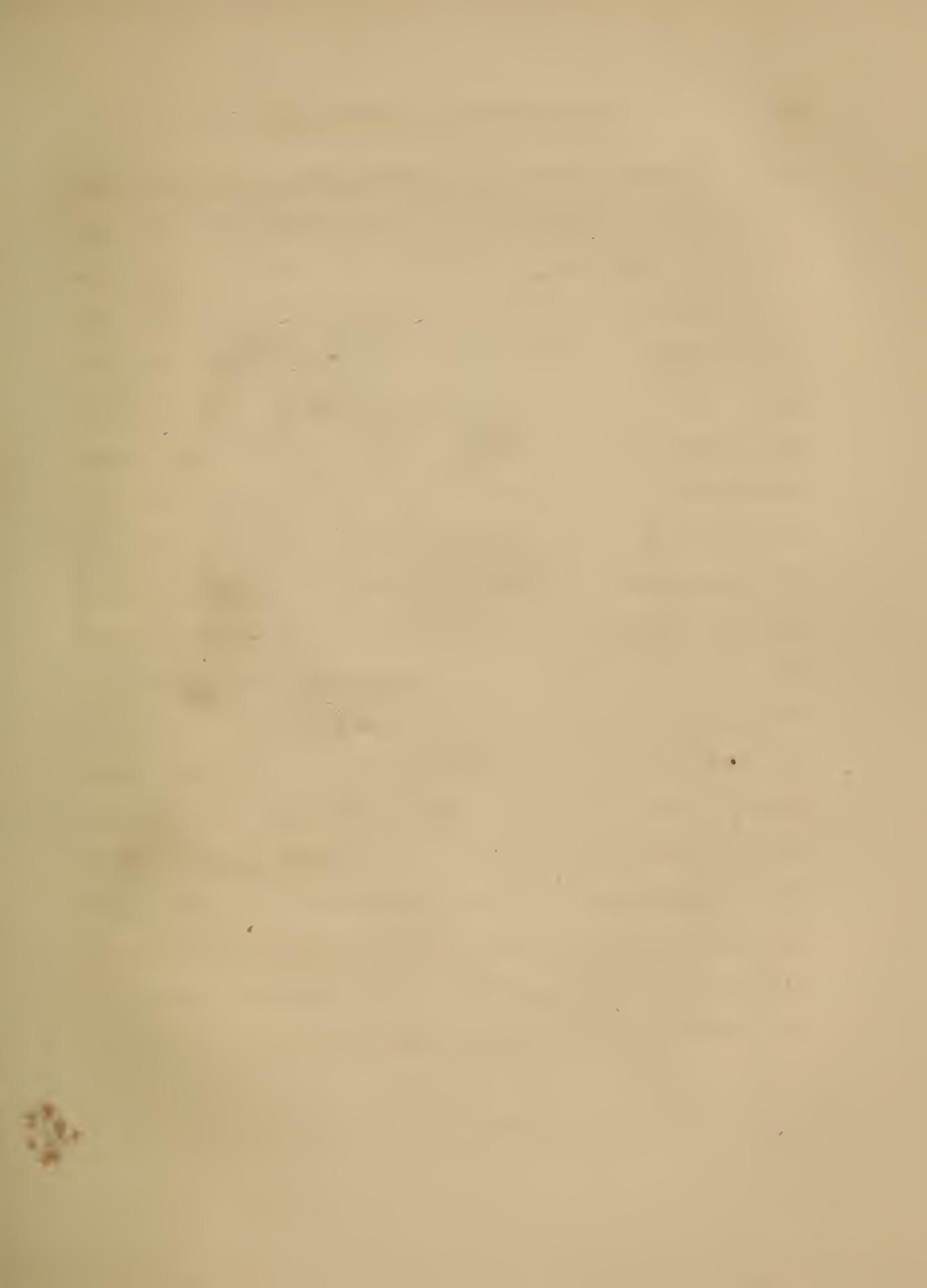
there are many men and women and children too, who spend their whole time in eating, drinking and sleeping ; and never think of Jesus and of all that He has done for them. They act like these animals.—Oh ! do not follow the wicked example of such children ! It was for you that the Son of God left His throne, and His happy home in heaven ;—it was for you that He entered our world as a little child ;—it was for you that He humbled Himself to be born in a stable and laid in a manger ; and can you refuse to love this precious Saviour, this kind Friend ? Pray to Him, dear children, to give you His Holy Spirit to enable you to love and serve Him. Follow the example of the Shepherds of Bethlehem. Kneel and worship your Redeemer and God !

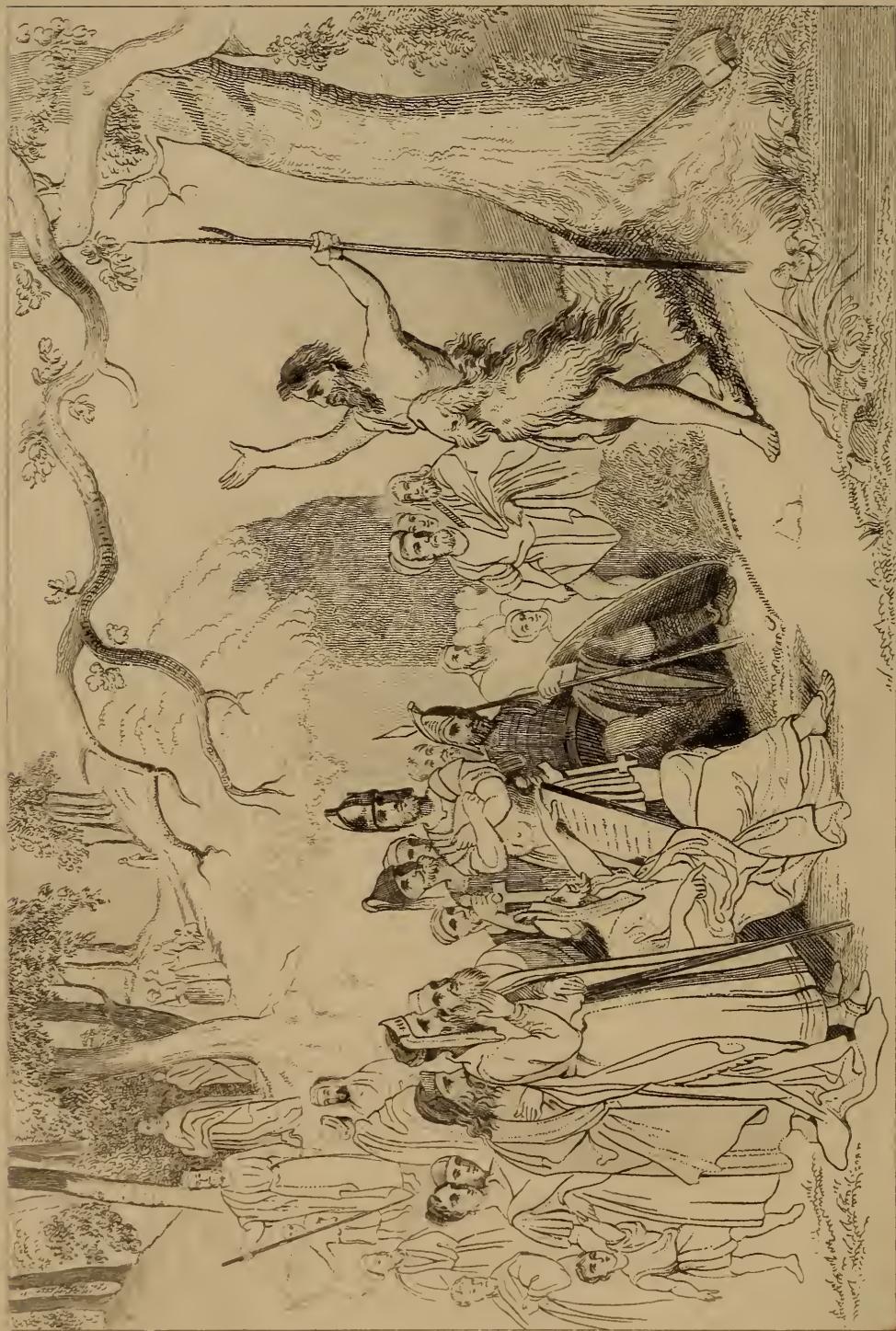
And now, I think, you would like to read what the Bible tells us about the visit of the shepherds to Bethlehem—

“ And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not ! for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall

be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.”*

* Luke ii. 8 20.





P. De Villiers sculp.

JEAN BAPTISTE AU DÉSERT.

JOHANNES DER TÄUFER IN DER WÜSTE. | JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

You may well be astonished, my children, at the sight of this strange looking man, clothed in a rough skin, with a stick in his hand, and who appears to be speaking so earnestly to that crowd of soldiers, priests and common people before him. You are surprised that they listen so attentively to such a speaker. Perhaps you think that he is telling something that it is very pleasant for them to hear. O no ! that cannot be the reason, for he calls them a “generation of vipers,” and tells them to repent of their sins.

You may suppose that he is a great lord, or a mighty prince, a king of the wilderness in which he dwells, and that he promises to give treasures and rich gifts to those who listen to him ; but if you think so, you are still in error. He has neither riches nor power, nor has he ever lived in the palace of a king.

Why, then, do the people gather around him, and pay

so much attention to his words? I will tell you. He is a servant of God; and the Lord, who sent him to teach the people, has inclined their hearts, that is, he has made them willing and anxious, to hear him; so that, though he is poor and meanly clad, and they are rich and proud, many of them have come from a distance to listen to his instructions.

His name is JOHN, and he is called John the Baptist, because he baptizes those among the people, who are sorry for their sins, and wish to forsake them and serve the Lord. He is the son of Zacharias, the priest. His mother's name is Elizabeth; and he has been sent by God, before Jesus Christ, to prepare the Jews to receive the Saviour of the world. For this reason, he has been also called the Forerunner of the Messiah, or one going before Him, to proclaim His approach.

In those days, when a king intended to visit any part of his kingdom, a royal messenger was sent before him to inform the people of his approach, and prepare them to receive and welcome him. So when the Son of God came down to visit our lower world, John the Baptist was the servant or herald who announced his coming.

He did not tell the people to prepare a palace, or costly gifts, or rich banquets for his Master, the Heavenly King, but to repent of their sins, and be ready, with grateful hearts, to love and obey their Redeemer. Look at him in the picture—this is what he is telling them. See how earnestly he is speaking.

Those men, with helmets on their heads and spears in their hands, are soldiers. They have heard of the lonely man, who has passed nearly all his life in the dreary desert; whose food is locusts and wild honey, and whose dress is of coarse camel's hair, and they have left their gay companions and have come from Jerusalem to hear him preach. He tells them of the coming of the Lord; of the approach of One, who can forgive sins and give eternal life to those who trust in Him, and the hard hearts of the soldiers are touched. They feel that they are sinners; their pride is humbled and they submissively ask John the Baptist, what they must do to prepare for the presence of this mighty Redeemer.

That man, whom you see standing by the side of one sitting down, is a Pharisee. The Pharisees were a class of men among the Jews who thought themselves more

holy than the rest of their countrymen, because they were very careful, in their outward actions, to do exactly as the law of God commanded them. They went up very often to the temple to worship; they gave alms to the poor, and they made long prayers; but, at the same time, in their hearts, they were proud, revengeful, and cruel. They appeared to keep the laws of God, in their outward conduct, that men might see them; and praise them for their good deeds; but they did not care whether God, who "seeth the heart," was pleased or not. You will notice, on the forehead of that Pharisee, a wide band, which you may suppose is an ornament. It is a strip of parchment, on which are written some parts of the law of God. Do you know why he wears it? I will tell you. When Moses gave the ten commandments to the Jews, on Mount Sinai, he bade them keep this law in their hearts, and write it on the doors of their houses, and bind it on their foreheads. He meant to teach them, by these directions, that at all times and in all places they must remember and obey this holy law. Well, dear children, the Pharisees, in order to show to others how obedient they were to the commands of the Lord, wrote the law

on parchment, and wore it on their foreheads, but they did not feel or act as it required. How wrong, how very deceitful was their conduct! John the Baptist asked them, why they were afraid of the anger of God, if they thought themselves so holy? Ah! their consciences told them, that they were sinners, and that God was angry with them. Miserable men! they deceived others, but they could not deceive themselves, for they knew that their hearts, in the sight of God, were desperately wicked.

You are surprised, dear children, at the conduct of the Pharisees, but is it not possible that you, yourselves, may be like them? A little child may be a Pharisee, in heart, though he be not called by that name. If you go to church and read the Bible and pray, that others may see you and praise you, instead of doing so because you love God and wish to please Him; and if you think, because you act thus, that you are better than your little companions, then are you, indeed, like the proud Pharisee. You may deceive those around you, but, dear children, remember that the Lord looks upon the heart, and will not accept the praises of the lips from those who do not love Him.

The man whom you see sitting down with a book in his hand is a Scribe, which was a name given to wise and learned men, who spent most of their time in writing. Is it not surprising, that this wise man should have come to hear John the Baptist preach? Perhaps he only came from curiosity, and not from a desire to receive instruction. He is not a truly wise man, for he does not believe many things that the Bible teaches him. He is so proud of his learning, that he does not read the Bible humbly and prayerfully, but studies other books a great deal more.

There is another man there who does not believe that there will be any judgment after death, or that the Lord will punish the wicked and reward the good, or that the dead will be raised up out of their graves. He is a Sadducee, for so the Jews called a class of men among them who held such opinions.

O, my children, how dangerous and sinful is it to be proud! Pride made the Pharisee think himself holy while he was very wicked, and led the Sadducee to suppose himself too wise to believe what the precious Bible tells us of the future state of the soul. Let us pray ear-

nestly to God, to enable us to subdue this sinful feeling, and to make us His humble and obedient servants.

A little farther back, behind the Pharisee, you see a woman, holding the hand of a little boy. He is her son, and she has walked a long distance, that she might bring him to hear the man of God preach. She seems to be the only female in the company; and perhaps she would not have come so far, had it not been for the sake of her little son. O how much do mothers love their children! They will often do for their sakes what they would not do for their own. And do children return their affection and care with obedience and love? Alas! they are too often disobedient, proud and selfish. How ungrateful is such conduct, and how hateful in the sight of God!

On the other side of the preacher, there are a stream of water, a tree and an axe. That stream is the river Jordan, where he baptizes the people. That tree does not bear any fruit, and the axe is laid at its root, to show that, just as the husbandman cuts down and burns a fruitless tree, so the Lord will punish those who live useless lives, without loving and serving Him.

But we have not yet said any thing about the most im-

portant person present at this scene; and perhaps you have not even noticed Him. Look towards the right hand of the speaker, near the mountain, and you will see Jesus Christ himself, coming to be baptized by His servant John. Do you think John was proud of this great honour? O no! He was so humble, that, at first, he refuses, and says, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But, at the command of Jesus, he obeys. What a difference do we see between the Pharisees and Sadducees on the one side, and John on the other! They are so wicked, and yet so proud, and he so good, and yet so humble. May the Spirit of God, dear children, make you, like John, meek and lowly in heart!

Now I think you will understand what the Bible tells us about the preaching of John the Baptist.

"In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and

his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins. But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance: and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.”*

“And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise. Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do? And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you. And the soldiers like-

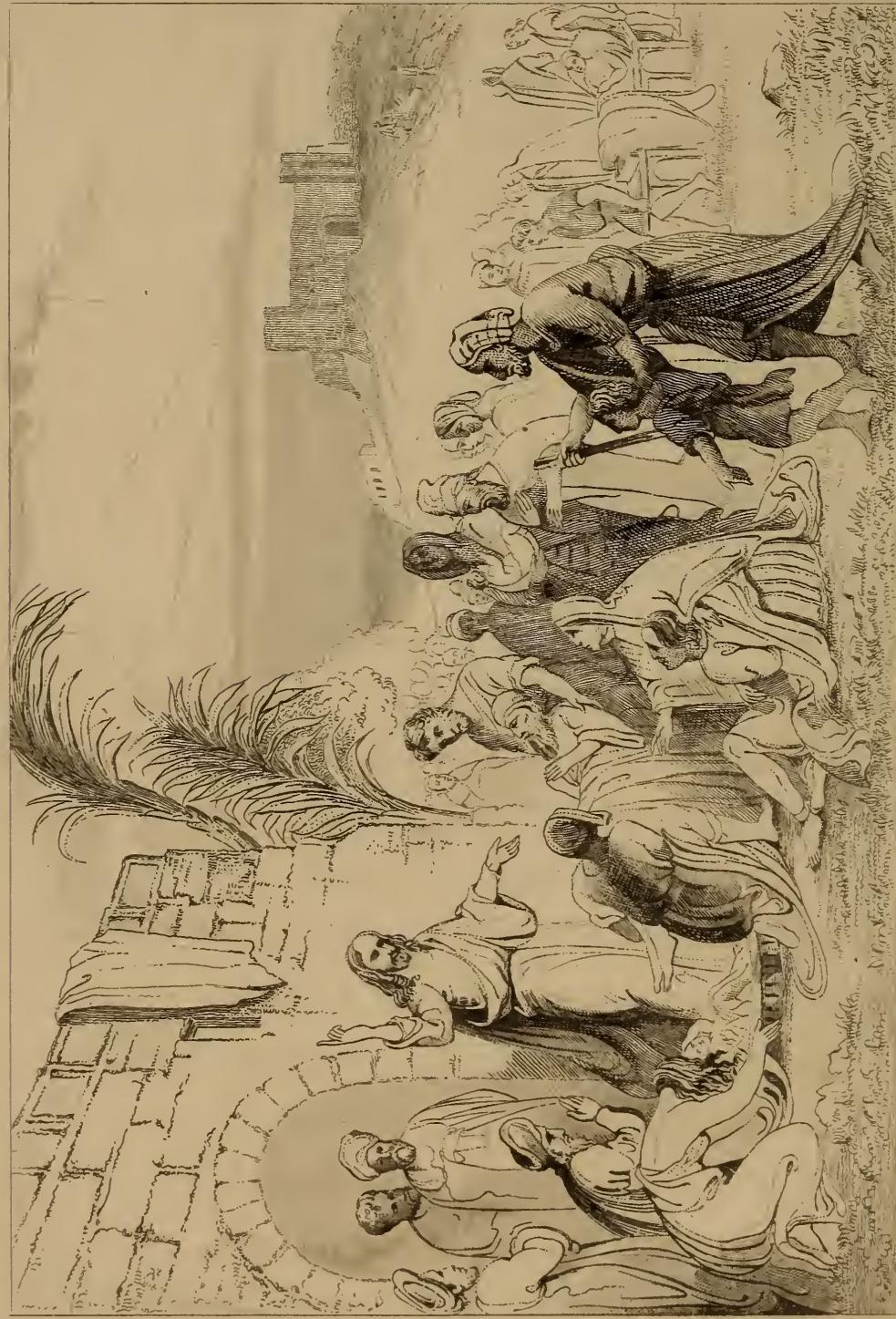
* Matthew iii. 1—10.

wise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not; John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”*

“ Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”†

* Luke iii. 10—16.

† Matthew iii. 13—17.



P De Villiers sculp.

JÉSUS GUÉRISSANT LES MALADES.

JÉSUS HEILT KRÄNKE.

JESUS HEALING THE SICK.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

Look at this beautiful picture, dear children. You can easily understand it. Do you not see Jesus, standing with uplifted hand, and gazing with pity and love upon the sick and helpless beings around him? They have been brought to Him, by their friends, that He may heal them. The compassionate Saviour does not turn coldly away, and refuse to listen to their requests, but speaks to them in gentle tones, and kindly grants their petitions. They are suffering, perhaps, from different diseases, but He is willing, and able, to heal them all.

At the feet of Jesus is an infant in its little cradle. Its mother has placed it there. She has knelt beside it, and, bending over it, beseeches the Saviour, with tears, to heal her beloved child.

Before Jesus are two sons, holding their aged father, who is so sick, that he cannot walk or even stand. His dutiful and affectionate children have carried him, them-

selves, to the Saviour, for they are unwilling to trust him in any other hands but their own. They think he is safer with them, and, doubtless, the poor old man must feel much happier with his kind sons than with any other persons. O how their affectionate attentions must have comforted him, during the long and painful hours of sickness! One of them is now kneeling, and praying for his father, and the other, who supports his head, gazes sorrowfully on his pale face, and then fixes his eyes, with an imploring look, on the Saviour. The sick man, too, raises his dim eye to the mild face of Him who alone can restore him to health, and clasps his hands in silent prayer.

A little farther from the Saviour, is a man sitting on the ground. He is unable to stand up. His wife raises him up a little way, and supports him, that he may, more easily, see Jesus, the great Physician, towards whom she looks anxiously, and lifts her hand as if to attract his attention.

Behind this female comes a poor blind man, leaning on a stick, and led by his little son. He has never seen the Redeemer, but he has heard much of his kindness and wonderful power. He hopes that Jesus will restore his sight, and that soon he will be able to look again upon

the beautiful earth and starry heavens, and see the happy face of his little boy.

In the distance, you see a number of persons, who have been healed, retiring, gladly, to their homes; but their places, in the crowd, are immediately filled by others hastening from all directions to the divine Healer. Among them are the lame, the deaf, the dumb, all seeking relief; many of them, with prayers and tears, imploring Jesus to have mercy on them. O with what astonishment, gratitude and joy, must their hearts be filled, when, after long, weary years of sickness, in one moment, they feel that they are perfectly well!

That blind man has never seen the light. For fifty years he has heard others speak of the bright sun, of its cheerful morning light, and of its rich setting colours; but, to him, there has been but one long, long night. For fifty years he has not looked upon the faces of those dear to him. He has heard their cheerful voices, but his eye has never rested on their active forms and smiling countenances. For fifty years he has heard others speak of the pale moon and glittering stars, and he has sometimes looked upward, as though he, too, would see, but all has

been dark to him. He has walked in the green fields, with his children, and listened to the murmur of the brook Cedron, flowing peacefully through the quiet valley—the turf has seemed soft to his feet, and the fragrance of the flowers has pleased him, but the blue waters of the little brook, the varied colours of the beautiful flowers, and the many bright things of which his children speak with wonder and delight, he has never looked upon. Their father, their poor blind father, has never seen them. He comes to Jesus—in a moment the light bursts in upon his darkness—he sees—he is blind no more!

That deaf and dumb man, who has never heard the glad voices of his friends, whose ear has been closed to all sweet sounds, and whose lips could never speak the names of those whom he loves, or tell them what he felt, and wished to say—his ears are opened, his tongue loosed, and he hears, he speaks and falls at Jesus' feet to praise his mighty power.

That poor man, whom they are carrying to the Saviour, has suffered with the palsy, for many years. Day after day has he lain, helpless, on his bed, while others have been active and busy. They have taken

pleasant journeys, and have gone up to the house of God to worship ; but he has remained at home, unable even to raise a cup of cool water to his lips, but depending entirely on others to help him. At the command of Jesus, strength is given to his feeble frame ; his pain and weakness depart, and he springs up in health from his bed, and walks forth among his friends.

Yes, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the sick of the palsy, are all able to see, to hear, to speak and to walk, at the command of Jesus. They came to Him, beseeching Him to heal them. They offered Him no gift—they had nothing to give Him, in return for the kindness they asked, but they trusted in his love and power.—They believed that He was able and willing to heal them. They knew that He had said to many a person as sick as they, “ Go in peace, thy faith has saved thee,” and they hoped that He would say the same to them, as they, too, had faith or confidence in Him. And they were not disappointed.

Others are still gathering round the Saviour, for new crowds are coming from the villages, and from all parts of the country.

What does Jesus do, when He is thus surrounded by

such numbers of suffering beings? Does He send them away without healing them, or tell them to come again to-morrow, and learn to be patient? No, no! Jesus says to them, "Be ye healed," and they are healed.

What a change has passed upon them! They all came suffering, but they are returning in health! They came in tears, but they are going to their homes with songs of joy! They prayed together, and together they rejoice and give thanks. Listen to their song: "Glory, glory to God, for his wonderful love to men in the gift of His dear Son! Glory to Jesus Christ our Saviour, whose name shall be for ever blessed! Long as we live we will praise Him, for his mercy endureth for ever."

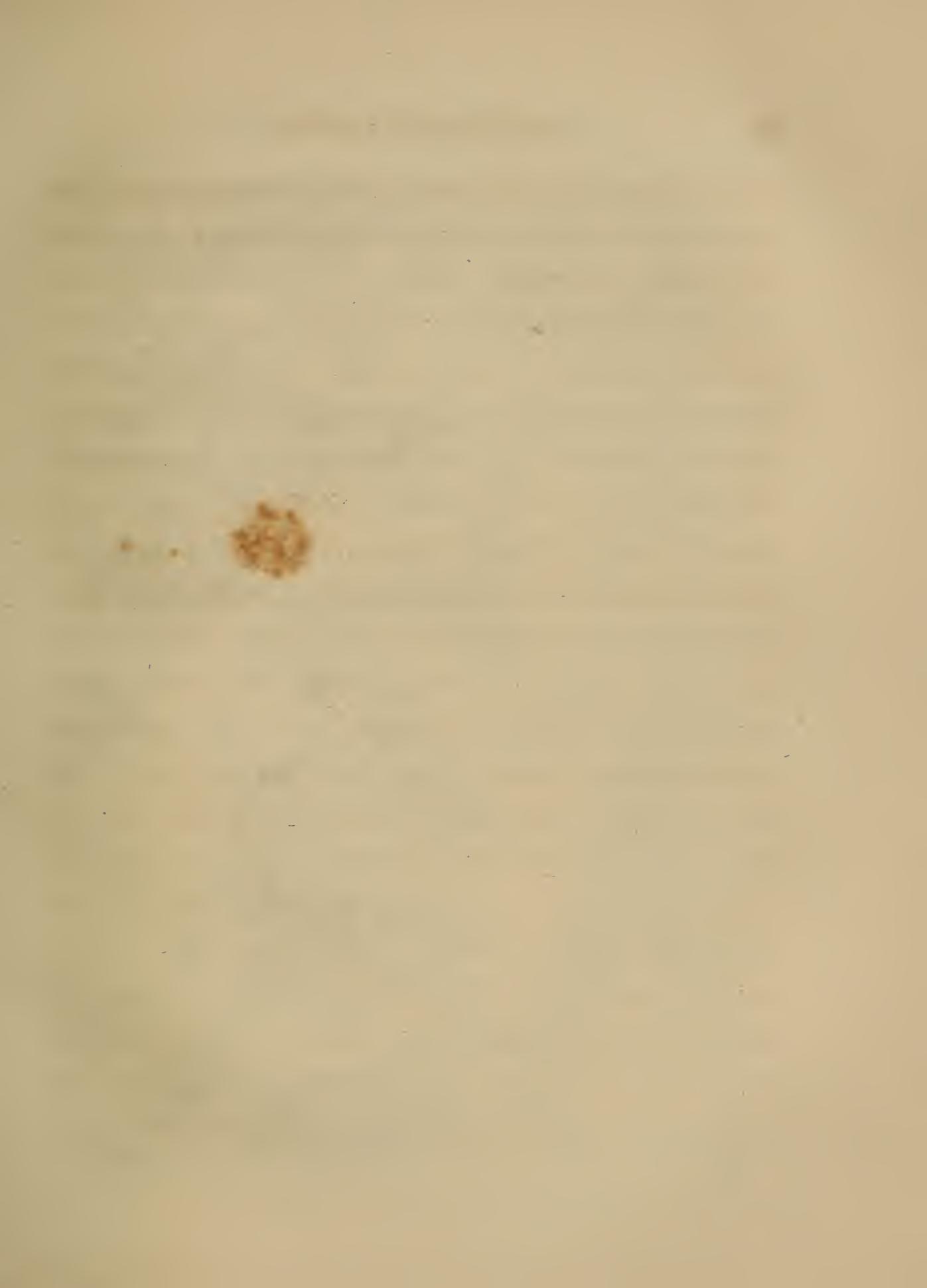
You have seen, now, all these sick persons were healed in their bodies, and returned, with joy, to their homes; but, dear children, they had all a dreadful disease, of which, perhaps, many of them did not think. Jesus Christ alone could cure them of it; and yet they did not ask Him to do so, or remember that they had such a disease. You will be surprised at this, but it is true. They were miserable sinners before God. They wished their perishing bodies to be healed, but they did not think of their immor-

tal souls. Nearly two thousand years have passed away, since Jesus Christ lived on the earth, but sinful men act now just as they did then. They are anxious about their bodies, that must soon die, but, alas! they think not of their souls, that must live for ever. You, too, dear children, are sinners. Your hearts are diseased by sin, and you must be healed; your sinful souls must be made clean, or you cannot enter the presence of the Lord. He hates sin, and without holiness, or purity of heart, you cannot join the holy and happy company of saints and angels in heaven. You must be healed of that dreadful disease. There is but one Physician. Jesus Christ alone can forgive sin. Go to Him, believing that He is willing and able to heal you. Trust in Him, as did the sick and suffering people of Judea, so many thousand years ago, and He will not send you coldly away, but will bless you, and grant your requests. A physician does not come until he is sent for, and does not heal the sick, unless they wish him to do so. Neither will Jesus Christ pardon you, and heal your souls, unless you pray to Him to do it. He has said in His holy word, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

That you may feel how kind and compassionate the Saviour is, I will tell you what is said in the Bible, about his healing the sick.—

“And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan.”*

* Matthew iv. 23—25.





JÉSUS PRÉCHANT SUR LA MONTAGNE.

JESUS PREDIGT AUF DEM BERGE, | JESUS PREACHING ON THE MOUNT

CHRIST PREACHING ON THE MOUNT.

HERE you see Jesus again, surrounded by a great number of people. They have not come to be healed, like those whom you saw in the last picture, but to be instructed.

Among them are many, perhaps, who were sick and have been restored to health by our Saviour, and with grateful hearts, they have sought him again, to learn how they can serve and please Him.

How attentively they listen to His instruction! Some are sitting or half-reclining on the grass, at His feet, and some are standing; but they all appear to be quite still, and look as if they were unwilling to lose a single word that falls from His lips.

All is quiet on the mount—not a sound is heard, but the voice of Him who came down from heaven. He sits, as a divine Teacher, in the midst of them. Of all His listeners, those who appear, from their manner, to be the most interested, are three old men. Do you not

see them? One looks quite aged and infirm, and is leaning on his staff for support. He rests his chin on his clasped hands, and his eyes are fixed on the ground, as though he would shut out every object that might draw away his thoughts from the speaker. Another stands near the Saviour, behind a man wrapped in a long mantle. His head is almost bald, and the thin locks of hair that remain are quite white with years; and the third has placed his elbow on the rock at the back of Jesus, and leans his pallid cheek on his withered hand.

Do you know why these old men listen so attentively to one who speaks to them of God and heaven? They have almost reached the end of their journey of life, dear children, and know that they must soon leave this world, and all that they love and possess in it; and they feel that death is not only a solemn, but a fearful thing, unless they have a hope of a better and brighter home with God in heaven. They were once young and active, like you, but they have grown old and feeble. Their step was then light and quick, but now they move slowly, and sometimes totter as they walk. Their eyes are dim, and their voices feeble. They have seen their friends die around

them; and often they feel lonely and sad, when they think of those who will return to them no more. They care not for earthly pleasures now; they are only interested in those things that belong to the life that is to come beyond the grave.

Poor old men! I hope they will hear and believe the words of Jesus, and then they will no longer fear to die, but can say with David, the sweet psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." The Lord Jesus has promised to be with those who put their trust in Him, when they are called to die, and to bring them safely to His glorious kingdom above. Old people are very happy if they love God, for they rejoice that they are so near their heavenly home, and will so soon be with their Redeemer and Friend.

Dear children, in sickness and in health, in youth and in old age, the love of God alone can make us really happy.

What is Jesus saying to the people? Listen to His words:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the king-

dom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."*

These words of the great Teacher have astonished that young man, who is reclining on the ground near the old man who leans on his staff. He raises his head, and looks up with surprise at the Saviour. He has always thought those persons were blessed or happy, who have great riches, and live in splendid houses; who have many servants to wait on them, and to bring them every thing they wish. Jesus tells him that they are the happiest who

* Matthew v. 3—11.

are meek and humble, who are sorry for their sins, and earnestly desire to be holy, who are kind and forgiving to all around them, and obey God, even when men laugh at them, and treat them unkindly for doing so. It is not strange, then, that the young man is astonished.

That youth, who sits near him, by the side of his mother, listens with wonder as Jesus tells them that it is not only wicked to kill, but it is also wrong to be “angry without a cause;” that not only sinful actions will be punished by God, but even sinful thoughts. He thinks that he has not done many things that have been wrong; but oh! he knows that scarce an hour passes when he does not have sinful thoughts; and he feels that even he, though so young, must be a great sinner in the sight of God. He does not yet understand that He who is now teaching him these truths, has come to die for sinners such as himself; but how glad will he be to know and believe that this is, indeed, the “Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

That soldier, with his shining sword, who has always heard those men called brave and noble who destroy their enemies, and avenge the injuries they receive, hears,

with scorn, the gentle words that fall from the lips of Jesus: “I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

Oh! if men would only act thus—if they would obey the meek and lowly Saviour, then would wars and fightings cease, and peace and happiness be found among all nations.

That man who stands near Jesus, wearing a mantle or long cloak, is a rich man, who gives a great deal of money to the poor, and does it, not to please God, but that men may praise him. He generally gives alms in the street, and before many persons, that they may think him kind and generous. Jesus says to him, and to all like him, “Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that

thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

This rich man, when he prays, also, does not kneel down in his own room, alone, or in some private place, and there lift up his heart to the Lord; but he goes where there will be many to see him, and praise him for being so devout. · And does God listen to prayers that are thus offered? And is He pleased, when men thus praise Him with the lips, and do not love Him in their hearts? O no! He will not hear them! What does Jesus say about prayer? "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

He tells us, then, that we may call the great God, who

made heaven and earth, “our Father.” Yes, He is “our Father in heaven,” and we may ask Him for all we need, as children go to a kind parent with their little wants. And while we pray that all men may love and obey their merciful Creator and Redeemer, we may also beg Him who has all power to give us, each day, our daily bread, to forgive us all our sins, and to keep us from doing what is wrong. He will not refuse our requests, because we are unworthy of His notice, for he has said, “Ask, and it shall be given you.”

Do you see that woman carrying a large pitcher on her head? I suppose it is full of water. She has brought it from a well, at a little distance. She seems to be turning away, and perhaps she is so anxious to go home, that she will not stay any longer, to listen to the instructions of the Saviour, but turns away to depart. She thinks she has no time to spare to hear the words of Him who “spake as never man spake.”

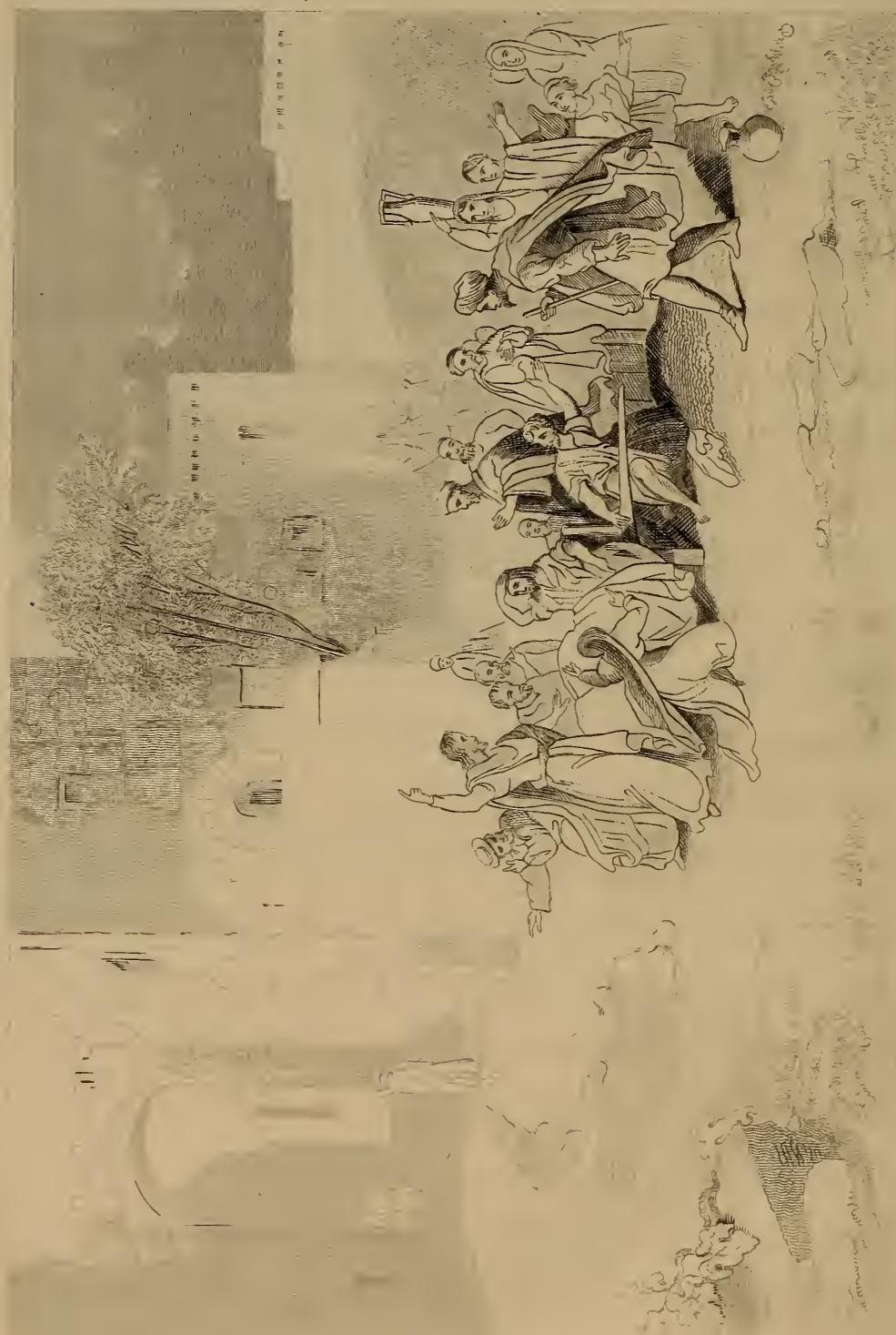
Jesus tells those around Him not to be troubled and anxious about what they shall eat, or drink, or wear. He knows that some of them make themselves quite unhappy for fear that they will not always have food and

clothing, and He tells them that it is wrong for them to feel thus; and that if they will trust in God He will take care of them. He bids them look at the fowls of the air, that "sow not, neither do they spin," and yet they do not die of hunger. They fill the air with their songs of praise and gladness. All day long they sing among the branches of the trees, and feel no anxiety for the morrow, and yet God feeds them. He does not forget a helpless little bird, and will he not remember and supply the wants of His children? Then, pointing to the lilies that lifted their pure, white heads in the quiet valley at the foot of the Mount, He tells His listeners to look at those blooming flowers. God had given them a more beautiful clothing than ever was worn by the richest king; for even "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yet, how soon do they perish! They grow up in beauty, only to fade and pass away; and yet God, their Creator, did not refuse to adorn their delicate leaves, and make them lovely and pleasant for the eye to rest upon; and will He, who clothed a frail flower of the earth, forget or refuse to grant His people needful raiment?

There are some poor people, among the multitude lis-

tening to the Saviour, who rejoice to hear Him speak thus of the love of the Lord towards those who trust in Him. They will return with light hearts to their humble homes, and their coarse food will be more pleasant, now that they know His eye of love is watching over them.

This beautiful Sermon on the Mount was full of wisdom and love : and though some of those who heard it, turned scornfully away, and refused to receive or obey the divine Preacher, yet others listened with wonder and delight ; for we read in the Bible, that “it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at His doctrine : for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes ; and when He was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him.”



JÉSUS RÉSUSCITANT LE FILS DE LA VIEUVE DE NAIN.

JÉSUS ERWECKT DEN SOHN DER WITWE. | JESUS RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

JESUS RAISING TO LIFE THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

DAY was just dawning in the Holy Land. The sun arose slowly behind the eastern hills, and the darkness and silence of night fled away at his approach. Nature awoke to life again. The little birds began their songs of praise, and filled the air with their cheerful music. The flowers lifted their beautiful heads, sparkling with bright drops of dew, and the fresh morning breeze was loaded with their sweet fragrance. The gates of the city of Capernaum were thrown open, and within its walls was heard the hum of returning life. Many came forth from the city with a quick, busy step, to begin anew their various labours, each hastening to his appointed post. Some lingered for a moment, at the city gates, to speak a few parting words to their friends before they separated for the day; others passed quietly on, as if unwilling to lose a moment.

The first rays of the rising sun fell on the clear, calm waters of the Sea of Galilee, as it lay in quiet beauty at the foot of the city. The early breeze scarcely ruffled its smooth surface, in which, as in a mirror, the buildings, trees and every object on its grassy banks, were clearly seen. Its bright waters were covered with the boats of the fishermen going out to their daily toil. The sound of their cheerful voices fell pleasantly on the ear of the passer-by.

Among those who came forth from Capernaum, at this early hour, was a band of men whose dress and manners showed that they were travellers. Their long, loose robes were gathered carefully around them, and confined by a girdle at the waist; their sandals were tied securely on their feet; and many of them had a staff in their hands. When they drew nigh to the gate of the city, the people who had collected there for business, or to meet with their friends, as was the custom in that country, immediately made way for them to pass. Many paused suddenly in the midst of conversation, or spoke in low, subdued tones, and every eye was fixed on them, while each face wore an expression of respect and awe. When

they turned from the public road to a shady walk along the bank of the lakes, many of the inhabitants of Capernaum followed them. The fishermen, who were busily mending their nets in the boats near the shore, or on the banks, when they looked up at the sound of the passing throng, forgot their work, and gazed on them with wonder and reverence. Some rowed to the shore, left their nets with their friends, and hastily joined the company that was increasing every moment around the travellers. But there was One in the midst of the crowd towards whom every eye was turned.

Do you not know, dear children, who these travellers were? They were Jesus and His disciples, on their way to the village of Nain, which was not many miles from the city of Capernaum, where, the day before, He had healed the sick servant of the Centurion. As they continued their journey, and the sun became oppressive, they often sought the shade of the trees that grew on the banks of the lake; and at times they rested for a while under the spreading branches, listening, as they sat or lay on the grass, to the words of love and wisdom which fell from the Saviour's lips, as He taught them many things relat-

ing to Himself and His glorious kingdom. But their path soon led them from the shore, and they turned from it, with regret, into the more dusty and public road. Here the heat was more severe; but as they were now very near Mount Tabor, they knew that they would soon be at the end of their journey, for Nain was only a short distance beyond it. They looked with delight at the dark forests of oak and olive trees, that covered the mount, even to its very top; and were refreshed by the cool wind that rustled through their green branches. They passed beyond it, and soon saw the quiet little village to which they were going. A wall was built all around it, as was the custom in those days, with here and there a gate, which was closed at night to prevent the entrance of an enemy; and opened during the day, to allow the people to go in and out freely. They had nearly reached one of the gates, when their attention was attracted by sounds of bitter mourning, apparently uttered by persons in great distress. They paused and listened. All was silent for a moment; then was heard the heavy tread of men, moving slowly; and then again, that sad, mournful wail arose, and a long funeral procession came forth from

the village, bearing on a bier a dead body, which they were carrying to a neighbouring burial place. By the side of the bier a female walked alone, whose tottering steps showed that she was old and feeble, and her head was bowed in the deepest grief. Behind her were many women, bearing every mark of sorrow, and uttering piercing cries of lamentation; and a long train of friends and neighbours followed.

The poor old woman seemed not to be conscious that any one was near her, or that Jesus, and the multitude with Him, had turned aside, and stood looking on, in silent compassion, as the train passed. She never raised her weeping eyes but to look at the bier borne by her side, and then she clasped her aged hands in bitter sorrow, and the tears flowed faster down her pale, withered cheeks. She was a widow, and on that bier lay the body of her only son. Yes, she was now alone in the world. Her husband had been dead perhaps for many years, and now her child, and we may hope, a dutiful, affectionate son, had been taken from her too. She had doubtless watched over him with all a mother's tender care, during the years of his helpless infancy. Many sleepless nights had

she hung over him when his little head was hot, and his lips parched with fever, and knelt in tears to pray that God would spare his precious life. Oh, with what delight had she watched the first signs of returning health, and seen his cheek wear again its fresh, rosy colour, his eye beam brightly on her, and his step become light and quick.

He grew up, the charm and treasure of their quiet home, and the comfort and delight of his aged mother. He never gave her even a moment's pain, for he was always affectionate and obedient; his only wish was to love and obey God, and to make his dear mother happy, and repay her tender care. She looked forward with the hope that he would support and cherish her in her old age. But, alas! a sudden sickness came upon him. His mother wept and prayed, she sought the wisest and most skilful physicians, but all in vain. Her son must die. Her friends came to weep with her. They laid the body on the funeral bier, wrapped in its long, loose robes, and covered it with a pall; and now they have brought it forth, to lay the son in the grave by the side of his father.

The funeral procession drew quite near to the spot

where the Saviour stood with his disciples. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, and they made way for Jesus to approach. The cries of the mourning women were hushed, and all was still, for many of them knew that it was He whom they called a mighty Prophet; and who had done such wondrous works. He stood beside the weeping mother, and, in a gentle voice, said to her, “Weep not!” The poor woman uncovered her face, and looked up in surprise at such strange words. Not weep for my beloved son! Not weep for my only child! Not weep for the loss of my greatest earthly comfort! my joy! my treasure! Could any one think it right or possible for her not to weep?

Jesus touched the bier. He did not speak to those who were bearing it, but, struck by his compassionate yet commanding manner, they stood still. The eyes of all that great multitude were fastened on Him. They did not move; they scarcely breathed during the solemn pause.

Again the Saviour's voice was heard: “Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!” At the sound of those words the pall was slowly thrown aside, and, still wrapped in the gar-

ments of the dead, the young man arose and sat up. The blood came back to his pale face; his lips and cheeks were touched with the glow of health; his eye beamed brightly, as it before had done; and when it rested on the well-known face of his dear mother, he began to speak; perhaps, repeating her name. She gazed upon him as if unable to believe that what she saw was indeed a reality. Oh, what deep joy filled her heart; and what gratitude and love did she feel towards Him who had given her back her son!

Now look at the picture of this scene, dear children, and you will understand it. You see in it the walls that were built around the village of Nain, and just beyond them the bier; the young man and his mother, and those who were with them. The widow is kneeling beside the bier. The long veil that covered her face is thrown aside, as she looks up with her hands still raised with astonishment into the face of her son. His hand is placed on his head, as though he could hardly believe that it was he himself alive again, and his eyes are fixed on the Saviour, who stands before him, and appears to be speaking to him. Oh, will he not carefully remember each word that

falls from the lips of Jesus? Will he not love Him and serve Him all the days of his life? Can he ever forget this wonderful hour, when the breath came back again to his lifeless body, and he awoke as if from a long, deep sleep?

The Bible does not tell us what became of this young man; but we may suppose that he returned with his aged mother to their happy home, and continued to be her comfort and support; and that they lived only to glorify and serve that blessed Redeemer, whose mighty power plucked him from the grave. It would have been so ungrateful, you think, for them to forget so kind a friend. Yet, dear children, do you not often forget your merciful Saviour, though He has done so much for you? He made you, and placed you on this beautiful earth. He has given you your tender parents, your happy home, and all that you have, to make you happy. He keeps you alive day by day; for if He should forget you, for a single moment, you would die, because He holds your breath in His hand. You owe your life then to Him, just as much as the son of the widow of Nain did. Besides all this, He has died that you might live for ever; yes, that you might, after death, if you are His children, enter that

bright home above the sky, which He has prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

How much has He loved you! Dear children, do you often think of Jesus and love Him, and try to please Him in all you do, and say, and feel, as you think the widow's son ought to have done? Can you be so thoughtless and ungrateful as to forget Him? Oh! if you have not loved Him, go now, with sorrow for your sin, and ask Him to forgive you, and enable you to pass the rest of your life in His love and service.

How astonished the people look who are standing around the bier! How surprised does that man appear who has one hand still on the bier, which he was helping to carry, and the other lifted in wonder. He has almost fallen to the ground in fear and astonishment. The man who holds a stick in his hand, standing still at a little distance, seems afraid to approach. They all feel that they are in the presence of a mighty Being; that Jesus must, indeed, be a Great Prophet, sent from God, because God alone can raise the dead. They do not yet understand that Jesus is the Son of God—God himself in the form of a man.

Luke, who was present when Christ raised the son of the widow of Nain, gives us a very simple and touching account of what happened at that time. Would you not like to read the story written by him? Here it is—

“And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people. And this rumour of him went forth through all Judea, and throughout all the region round about.”*

* Luke vii. 11—17.





JÉSUS MARCHANT SUR LES EAUX.

JESUS WANDERT AUF DEM SEE. | JESUS WALKING ON THE WATER.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

THIS is a picture, dear children, of the Sea of Galilee, a beautiful sheet of water in the Holy Land. It is not now calm and still, as it was when Jesus and His disciples walked along its banks on their way to the village of Nain. Then its bright, clear waters flowed peacefully; and, if you had looked down upon them, you could have seen the trees and flowers that hang over the edge, all perfectly reflected below, just as you see objects in a mirror. But a great change has come over it. Now its waters are dashing and foaming, and the rough winds, sweeping down from the mountains around it, roar terribly, and raise its white billows very high. The rain falls in torrents, and the sky is very black. A dreadful storm is raging, and there is a boat in the midst of the sea, struggling with the waters. How they dash around it! It looks as if it would soon sink beneath them; and yet, those three men who are in it seem to have forgotten their

danger. They pay no attention to their little vessel, but are looking intently at the two figures standing in the sea itself.

I do not wonder that they think not of themselves, for, look, dear children, is not one of those persons really walking on the sea, without sinking beneath its waters, just as we walk on land? Are the waters frozen, that they bear Him up? O no! for near Him is a man, who appears to be sinking. What can it mean? Who is He, who walks thus calmly on the angry waves, and they break not beneath His feet? Listen, and I will tell you.

One day, after Jesus had been healing a great multitude of sick persons, on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, He sent them away, and told His disciples, also, to take the little ship, in which they had crossed the waters, and go over in it, to the opposite side. He wished to be alone, that He might spend the silent hours of the night in prayer to God.

The disciples did as He commanded, and they went on board their boat, and pushed out into the sea. Night came on. It grew dark. Jesus was alone on a solitary mountain, holding communion with the great Jehovah.

The disciples were several miles from land, in the middle of the sea.

Suddenly a great storm arose. The winds and waves roared around the little bark. It was tossed about by the high billows. Sometimes one side of it sank entirely beneath the water; then a strong wave would lift it up again, and the other side would go down. Some of the disciples were fishermen, and had been used to storms on the sea; but this was so terrible, that they could do nothing. They could not guide their trembling vessel. It was so dark that they could not see the land. They were very much afraid. They expected every moment that the sea would swallow them up, and they would all sink in its deep waters, to rise no more. Oh! how often they wished that they were safe again on land.

Then, suddenly, they saw, in the darkness, a figure approaching them, that appeared to be walking on the sea. More terrified than before, they looked at each other in great fear, and said, "It is a spirit." Some people very foolishly suppose, that the souls of the dead are allowed to return to this world; and the apostles thought it must

be a spirit, in the form of a man, that they saw approaching them. This was wrong, and I have no doubt but that they afterwards learned better, and knew that they, who are called from this world by death, return to it no more.

The figure came nearer and nearer, and the terrified men thought it would soon enter their boat. Then, trembling, they cried out with fear; and lo! a well known voice replied, "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid!" Oh! with what joy did they hear those kind words from the lips of their Master and Friend. It was Jesus himself, who drew near. He, who had power to calm the waves of the sea by a single word, bade them not to fear. How quickly was their fear changed into joy!

One of the disciples, whose name was Peter, when he saw his master walking on the sea, felt a strong desire to do the same; and asked Jesus to allow him to leave the ship and go to meet him. He thought that he should not be afraid since the Saviour was so near. He believed that his faith in Jesus' power was so great, that the winds and the waves would not terrify him, and he desired to show his confidence in his Lord to the other disciples. Poor Peter! he did not know how weak he was. Jesus

told him to come, and he gladly left the vessel, and stepped upon the rough sea. At first he did not feel any fear, but soon there came a strong blast of the wind, and raised the high waves around him. Probably, when he first left the ship, his eye had been fixed on his Master, and he had scarcely noticed the dangers of his path over the waters; but now he looked around him. He saw the foaming sea, ready to swallow him up; and forgetting the Almighty Friend, in whom he trusted, he was much alarmed; and losing his faith or confidence in Jesus, he began to sink. The waves, that had before been firm beneath his tread, parted under his feet, and feeling how entirely helpless he was, he turned again to his Master, and cried out, in a despairing voice, "Lord, save me!" The compassionate Saviour, who had allowed him thus to learn his own weakness, and dependence on Him, immediately held out his hand, lifted him up, and gently reproved him for his want of confidence in his power, saying unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

In the picture, you see Peter just sinking into the sea, and holding out his hands to Jesus, calling upon him to save him.

Peter was self-confident ; that is, he trusted in himself ; in his own courage and strength. If he had placed all his confidence in Jesus, he would not have sunk.

Have you not noticed, dear children, that when you have resolved to do right, if you felt proud of your good resolutions, and thought you could easily keep them, and that you had power, in yourselves, to do it, how often you have broke them all, and done the very thing that you imagined you would not do ? The day you intended to spend without committing a single fault, has been marked by many sinful actions. Perhaps you thought you would not yield to angry feelings, or speak unkindly to your companions, or be disobedient to your parents, in the slightest act, and yet you have done all these, though you have supposed it would be so easy to avoid them.

Why is this, dear children ? It is because you thought it would be so easy for you to do right, that you trusted in your own strength, and did not seek the assistance of the Holy Spirit, who, alone, can enable you to do those things that are truly pleasing in the sight of God. You cannot do one good action, or even have a single holy

thought, unless the Spirit of God enable you so to do and think. If you think your own sinful heart will help you to do right, you will surely fall into sin. The Bible says, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Look to Jesus for all your strength.

Had Peter kept his eye fixed on Jesus, instead of looking at the angry sea that roared around him, he would not, probably, have lost his faith, and doubted his Master's protection.

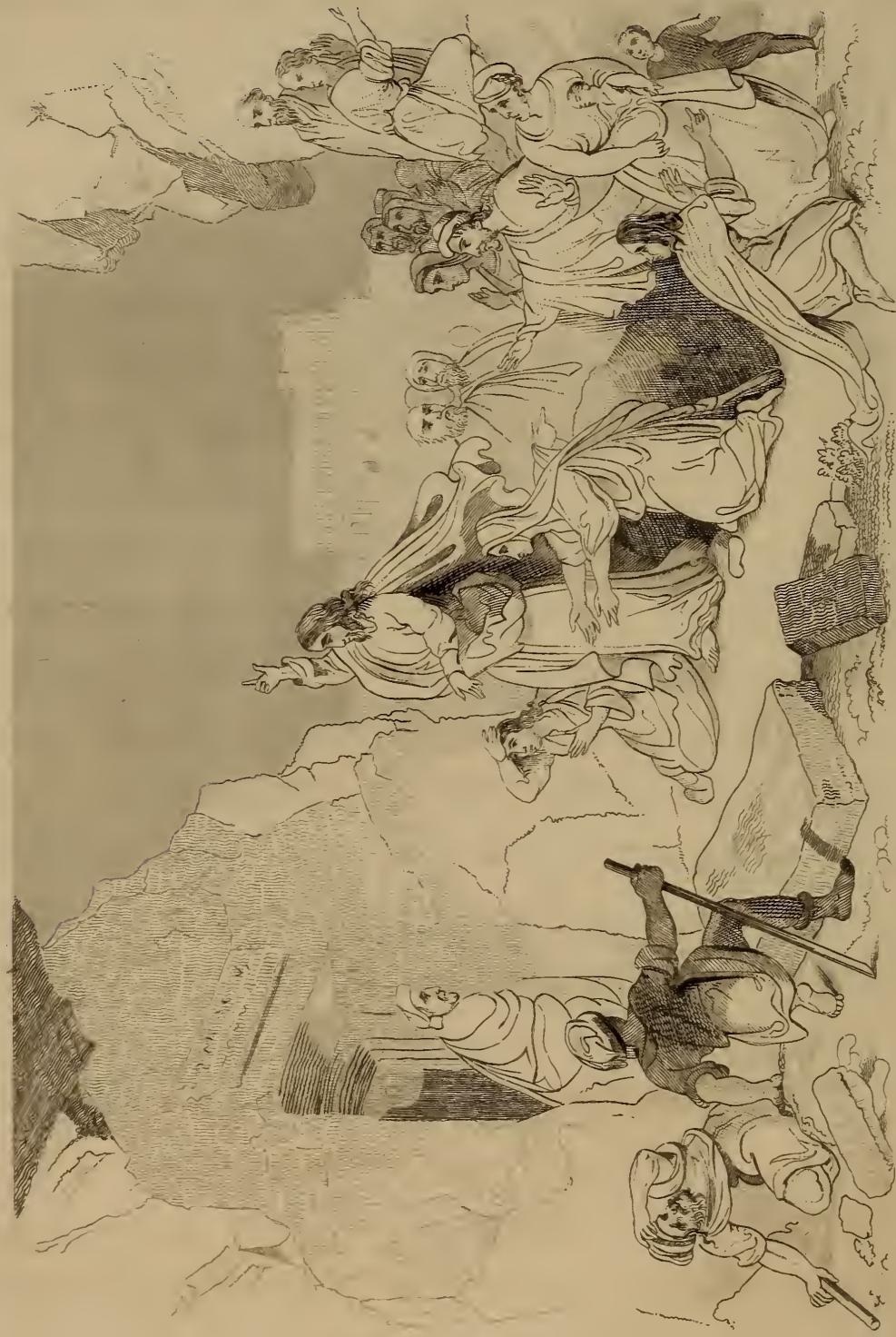
When you are in danger and trouble, dear children, look to Jesus. Think of His love and power, and He will keep you calm and peaceful. Trust not in yourself, or in your own strength or goodness, but look to your Saviour, and trust in Him for ever. He only can save you from sin and misery here, and from eternal wo in the world beyond the grave. Let your prayer ever be, "Lord, save me!"

Matthew, who was in the ship, on the Sea of Galilee, at the time of this dreadful storm, gives us the following description of all that then occurred.

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening

was come, he was there alone. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me! And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.”*

* Matthew xiv. 23—33.



RESURRECTION DE LAZZARE.

LAZARUS AUFERSTEHUNG. | THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

At the first sight of this picture, dear children, you are ready to ask many questions about it. You wish to know who the pale, strange-looking person is, coming forth from that dark cave, that seems to have been cut out of the solid rock ; and why that long, white robe is so closely wrapped around him. You suppose that He who stands near the entrance of the cave, with one hand pointing upward, and whose whole appearance is so noble and commanding, is Jesus, the Son of God ; but you inquire who those two women are, kneeling, one on each side of the Saviour, and who look as if they were deeply interested in what is taking place around them. Besides, there is an expression of great astonishment on the faces of all present, that surprises you, and you ask the reason of it. Well, dear children, I will try to explain this picture to you ; and, if you are attentive, I think you will easily understand it.

Bethany was the name of a little village in the Holy Land, about two miles distant from Jerusalem. It was an humble, peaceful spot, containing but few, if any, large dwelling-houses, or public buildings; for its inhabitants were, probably, poor, and unable to live in splendour, or to supply themselves with the many delicacies which the rich can procure. Yet no mighty city was ever more honoured than Bethany, for there the blessed Saviour passed many days and nights; often turning aside from the busy, crowded city of Jerusalem, to seek this obscure and quiet place, that He might enjoy the society of a family who lived in one of its humble dwellings. This family was composed of three persons, Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary. They all loved the Saviour, and welcomed Him, with gratitude and joy, to their home. They listened with the deepest interest and attention to His kind instructions, and tried, in every thing, to please their beloved Friend. They were very dear to Jesus. He “loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus.”

Happy family! O, if Jesus loves us, then are we, indeed, truly blessed! We need fear no evil, if He is our

Friend, for “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us” from His love.

While Jesus was absent from Bethany, far away, on the other side of the river Jordan, sickness and sorrow entered the dwelling, and saddened the hearts of His friends. Lazarus became sick. His sisters immediately sent a messenger to the Saviour, to tell him of their grief. They did not ask Him to come to them, and heal their brother, for they knew that He loved them, and would not stay away from them when they were in trouble. They simply sent unto Him, saying, “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.” They waited anxiously for His arrival, but hour after hour passed on, and still He came not. Lazarus grew rapidly worse and worse, and, at length died; and his distressed sisters were left alone in the world.

They had loved their kind and affectionate brother very much, and they were overwhelmed with grief at the loss of him. They often thought of Jesus, and wondered why He did not come to them. Four days after

the death of Lazarus, they heard that Jesus was in the village. Many of the Jews had come to comfort the sorrowing sisters; but as soon as Martha heard that the Saviour was near, she immediately went out to meet Him, for she felt that he was their best friend. When she saw Him, she did not stop to describe the sufferings of Lazarus, or the bitter grief with which his death had filled their hearts; but only said, in firm confidence in his power and love, “Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.” Jesus told her that her brother should rise again; and that they who believed in Him should never die. He said that He himself was the “resurrection and the life;” that is, that through Him, or by His power, the dead should be raised from their graves, and His people should live for ever. Yes, He then spake those comforting words, “He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

This blessed truth has cheered many suffering Christians in the midst of pain and sorrow. It has made them happy, during the long, weary hours of sickness, and en-

abled them to welcome death with songs of joy. It has taught them, that, though their bodies sleep, for a little while, in the grave, their souls will live with God for ever. They have felt that death was gain—that to die was only to put off their perishing bodies, as they lay aside their garments, that their spirits may rise to heaven. They have believed that soon their bodies would be raised immortal or undying, and be united again to their souls, to dwell, eternally, in the presence of the Lord. They, too, dear children; who have been parted, by death, from some beloved friend; who have seen a fond parent or affectionate brother or sister laid in the grave, have rejoiced in the sweet consolation which these words of Jesus to Martha, give. They have learned, from them, that the loved ones, for whom they weep, are not dead—that their souls still live—that they have only left their homes here, for a brighter and happier world—that they have gone to be with Jesus.

When Martha had called Mary, the sorrowing sisters, accompanied by many of the Jews, led the Saviour to the tomb in which the body of their brother had been laid. They wept as they slowly drew near the sad

spot, and their pitying friends mourned with them. When He, whose love is stronger than that of any earthly relative, saw all that sorrowful company in tears, so great was His compassion for them, that, though He knew that in a few short moments their sorrow would be turned into joy, and their brother would be restored to them, still He wept! Yes! “JESUS WEPT!”

“Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day and for ever.” Though he is in heaven now, still, in all the afflictions of His people, He is afflicted. When they are in trouble and in sorrow, He still feels for them, and mourns with them. He never sends them pain and grief unless it is for their good—unless it is best for them to bear it; and He has promised that in heaven He will wipe away all their tears.

Blessed Redeemer, how kind and merciful art thou! Teach us ever to seek our comfort and support in Thee!

The grave of Lazarus was a cave or deep hollow, cut in a rock. A great stone was placed at the entrance. Jesus told them to take away the stone; and, when this had been done, while the multitude stood around Him, in

solemn silence, He “cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth!”

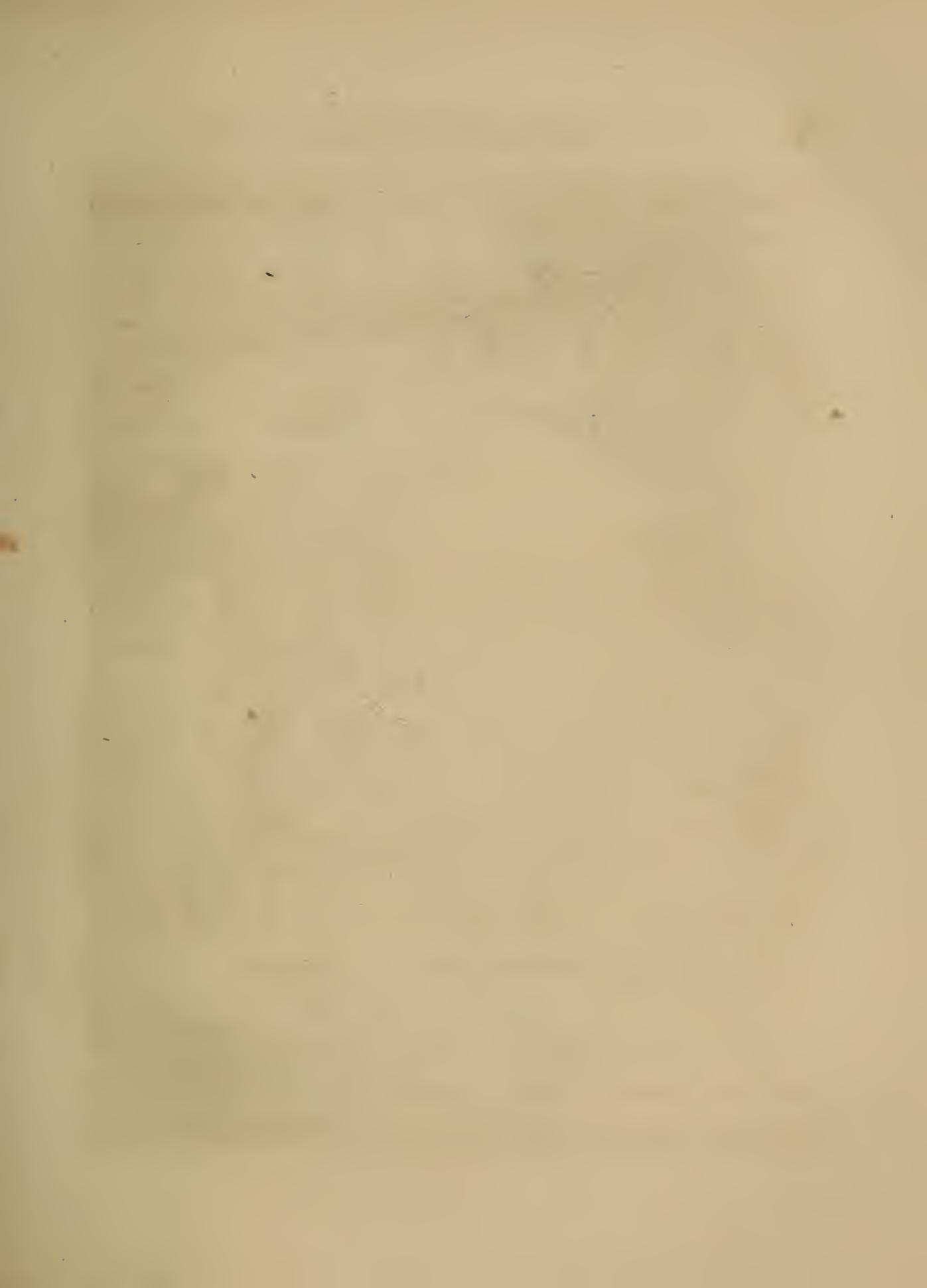
Every eye was fixed on the opening in that dark cave; not a breath was heard; not a sound disturbed that deep, deep stillness; when, lo! “he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.” Yes, Lazarus stood before them, roused from the sleep of death by the voice of the Son of God.

And now, dear children, you can easily understand the picture. Have I not answered all your questions? In it you see Jesus, with the two sisters, one kneeling on each side of Him. Mary has placed one hand on her forehead, as though she could not believe that she really saw her brother, who appears at the door of the cave; and Martha holds out her arms to receive him. The men, who removed the stone, overcome with surprise and fear, have fallen to the ground. One of them has half-raised himself to look again on that strange sight. The Jews, standing near, all look astonished. One of them, with open arms, is running towards Lazarus. Some appear to wish to flee from the place; while others stand with hands clasped, and eyes raised to heaven, filled with gra-

titude and joy, at so great a proof that Jesus was indeed the Messiah—the Son of God.

Perhaps, dear children, you are surprised that, since Jesus had power to heal the sick, He did not go to Bethany, as soon as He heard of the illness of Lazarus, and immediately restore him to health. But if He had done so, many persons would have thought that the disease had been removed by medicine, or in some natural and common way; and Jesus wished to prove to them, in a striking, public manner, that He was the Christ, so long expected by the Jewish nation. He desired to strengthen, by this wonderful miracle, the faith of Lazarus and his sisters; and to lead all who saw it to trust in Him as their Saviour and God.

John, the beloved disciple, gives us a very interesting account of the raising of Lazarus. Will you not get your Bibles, dear children, and read it? You will find it written in the eleventh chapter of his Gospel.





ENTRÉE TRIOMPHALE DE JÉSUS À JÉRUSALEM.

JESUS WINNING IN JERUSALEM. | THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM.

MANY hundred years ago, it was a custom among the kings of the East, when they had fought great battles, and destroyed their enemies, or made them prisoners, on returning home to their own kingdom, to enter the royal city, in which they lived, in a very splendid and striking manner. They were arrayed in their richest robes, and, being seated in a glittering chariot, surrounded by the mighty kings they had conquered, and followed by the captive people, with much pomp, music, and songs of victory, they passed proudly through the gates of the city, and were welcomed with many tokens of joy by the people of their own nation, who collected from all parts of the country to receive them. This was called a “triumphal entry.”

Alexander, king of Macedon, was a great conqueror. He subdued many kingdoms, and overthrew many mighty cities. He lived about three hundred years before the

birth of Jesus Christ, and was then the most powerful king in the world. He was called Alexander the Great, because of his skill and bravery in war. Once, after a great victory over his enemies, he made a triumphal entry into Babylon, one of the largest and richest cities of the earth. Much is said of the splendour and show of this procession; but before I tell you more about it, I want to speak to you, dear children, of another King, who also entered the city of His people in triumph.

He was mightier than even Alexander the Great,—for He was “King of kings and Lord of lords.” He had not conquered those who followed him with the sword, or with any weapons of war, for He was the “Prince of Peace;” but He had won their hearts by His love and compassion. He had all power in heaven and in earth. The bright angels, at His command, would have attended him with delight; but meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, and surrounded only by the poor people, who loved and followed Him, Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world, entered the gates of Jerusalem.

What a difference was there between the entrance of Alexander into Babylon, and that of Jesus into Jerusalem!

The road, over which the king of Macedon passed, was strewed with beautiful flowers; and along its sides, altars of silver were erected, on which the most precious fragrant spices were burned in honour of him. The disciples of Christ had only the branches which they had taken from the trees on the way-side, to cast in His path, and the garments they threw before Him were a part of their own simple clothing.

Alexander rode in a splendid chariot, sparkling with gold and costly stones; the rich gifts that he had received were displayed around him, and chained lions and panthers walked beside his triumphal carriage. Jesus rode on an ass, a peaceful, gentle animal.

The most skilful musicians chanted the praises of Alexander, and raised their sweetest notes in songs of triumph. Some poor Jews and little children, around the Saviour, sang “Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!”

The king of Macedon had many thousands of soldiers at his command, who instantly obeyed his word, but the Redeemer had only the twelve apostles, who were all poor men, and some of them humble fishermen.

Do you feel, dear children, as if you would have preferred the place of Alexander, surrounded with riches and honours, to that of the lowly Jesus? Let us see how their followers really felt towards them.

The kings and great men, who were around Alexander, had, many of them, been conquered by him in battle; their friends and relatives put to death, and they, themselves, carried away captives from their native country, to be his servants in a strange land. They were filled with shame at their low condition, they envied their master his pomp and power; and they hated him in their hearts, though they praised him with their lips. The people of Babylon came out to meet the monarch whom they feared and disliked; and, if they had possessed the power, they would have gladly overturned his royal chariot, and placed their own king again on his throne. But how differently did the Jews, at that time, feel towards the Saviour! They hastened from Jerusalem to welcome Him, because they truly loved and honoured Him. Their songs of joy and praise were from their hearts; and they wished, sincerely, to make Jesus their ruler and governor.

In the midst of all his riches and honours, while all men praised him, and called him happy, Alexander the Great was wretched. He knew that he was surrounded by enemies; that many who appeared to be his friends were insincere, and would take his life if they could; and he could not place any confidence in them. Though so brave in war, he was a very cruel, wicked man, and had slain many thousands, yes, even millions of his fellow-men, that he might be called a mighty conqueror; and could he be happy? O no! The Bible says, “There is no peace to the wicked.”

So you see, dear children, that happiness does not depend upon the outward circumstances in which we are placed. Wealth, and power, and the praises of men cannot make us happy; but the love of God in the heart, the peace and joy which Jesus gives to those who trust in Him, can enable a Christian to rejoice, even in the midst of poverty and pain. Seek then, dear children, this “pearl of great price,” this “one thing needful.”

Alexander entered Babylon, and died there from indulging too freely in eating and drinking, during the splendid feasts that were made to honour him. Thus he killed

himself. Jesus Christ went up to Jerusalem to die for the sins of a guilty world.

After the death of Alexander, the memory of his brave deeds, and of the greatness of his power soon passed away, and his empire was entirely destroyed; but the name of Jesus! Oh! dear children, is it not the sweetest sound that is ever heard? The story of His sufferings and death! Hath it not gone forth “unto the ends of the world?” Thousands have lived and died, rejoicing in His power to save. Jesus! Jesus! blessed name; it hath been the last word on the Christian’s lips, ere he closed his eyes in death, and his happy spirit winged its flight to the gates of heaven. Countless multitudes of redeemed beings stand before the throne of God and the Lamb; and there is not one of them that does not join in the song of praise, swelling from ten thousand harps and voices, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!”

Perhaps you would like to know how the people of Jerusalem had heard of the Saviour’s coming; and why they thus went forth to meet Him, and welcome Him into

their city. I will tell you, and then you will better understand the picture of His triumphal entry.

It was at the time of the Passover, one of the three great feasts among the Jews, when all their males were required to go up to Jerusalem, to appear in the temple before the Lord. They assembled there from all parts of the Holy Land. The city was crowded with strangers, who, though they were from very distant portions of the country, and their homes widely separated, some of them situated on the sides of the lofty mountains of the north, and others in the quiet valleys of the south; yet they had, almost all, heard of the "Prophet of Galilee," and of His wonderful works. Probably, many had hoped to see Him at the feast, and their first question to their friends at Jerusalem was respecting Him. He had not yet arrived; but Oh! how interested and surprised were they to hear of the great miracle that He had performed, in raising Lazarus to life, after he had been dead four days.

Bethany was so near to Jerusalem, that they were constantly meeting with numbers who had been present at that surprising scene; and could bear witness to the facts as they were repeated from mouth to mouth. Some

of them knew Lazarus, and had seen and conversed with him, since his restoration to life. A great deal of anxiety was felt by all to behold the Saviour; and each hour, as new companies of worshipers arrived at the gates of the city, they inquired, eagerly, if He was among them. At length they heard that Jesus, accompanied by his disciples, was approaching the city, and that the number of His followers was increased, at each step of his journey, by those who met Him on His way. They rejoiced greatly at this news, and went out, immediately, to welcome Him.

Imagine this great multitude, having pressed through the narrow gate of Jerusalem with the green branches in their hands, which they have broken from the beautiful palm-trees that grow in large numbers just outside the walls of the city, joining the throng around Jesus and His disciples. Some of them climb the trees, and throw down to their companions the branches, and they place them beneath the Saviour's feet; some spread their garments in His path, and others bowing low before Him, touch their foreheads to the earth, as was their custom, when they wished to show great respect and reverence for a

superior. All unite in one loud song of praise: “ Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!”

Thus Jesus entered Jerusalem in triumph. He went into the temple, and there the blind and the lame came to Him, and He healed them. The people, the priests, and the scribes gathered around Him, and even little children were seen in the crowd. The sight of His miracles filled them with joy and love towards the kind and gentle Saviour, and they raised their childish voices, and sang in sweet, clear notes, “ Hosanna to the Son of David!”

Now, when the chief priests and scribes saw how much attention the people paid to Jesus, and His wonderful power in healing the sick and afflicted; and that even the children shouted His praise, they were very much displeased. They asked Jesus if He heard these little ones singing, and was willing to be praised by such feeble, helpless creatures; and he reminded them of what was said in their own Scriptures, that “ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise.” Yes, He who said, “ Suffer little children to come unto me,” did not refuse to listen to their songs; and though he is

in heaven now, seated on His glorious throne, still Jesus loves the praises of such children. He hears the feeblest song that a child sings to His glory, when it comes from the heart; and he will not hear the loudest, highest strains of those who offer Him only the praises of the lips.

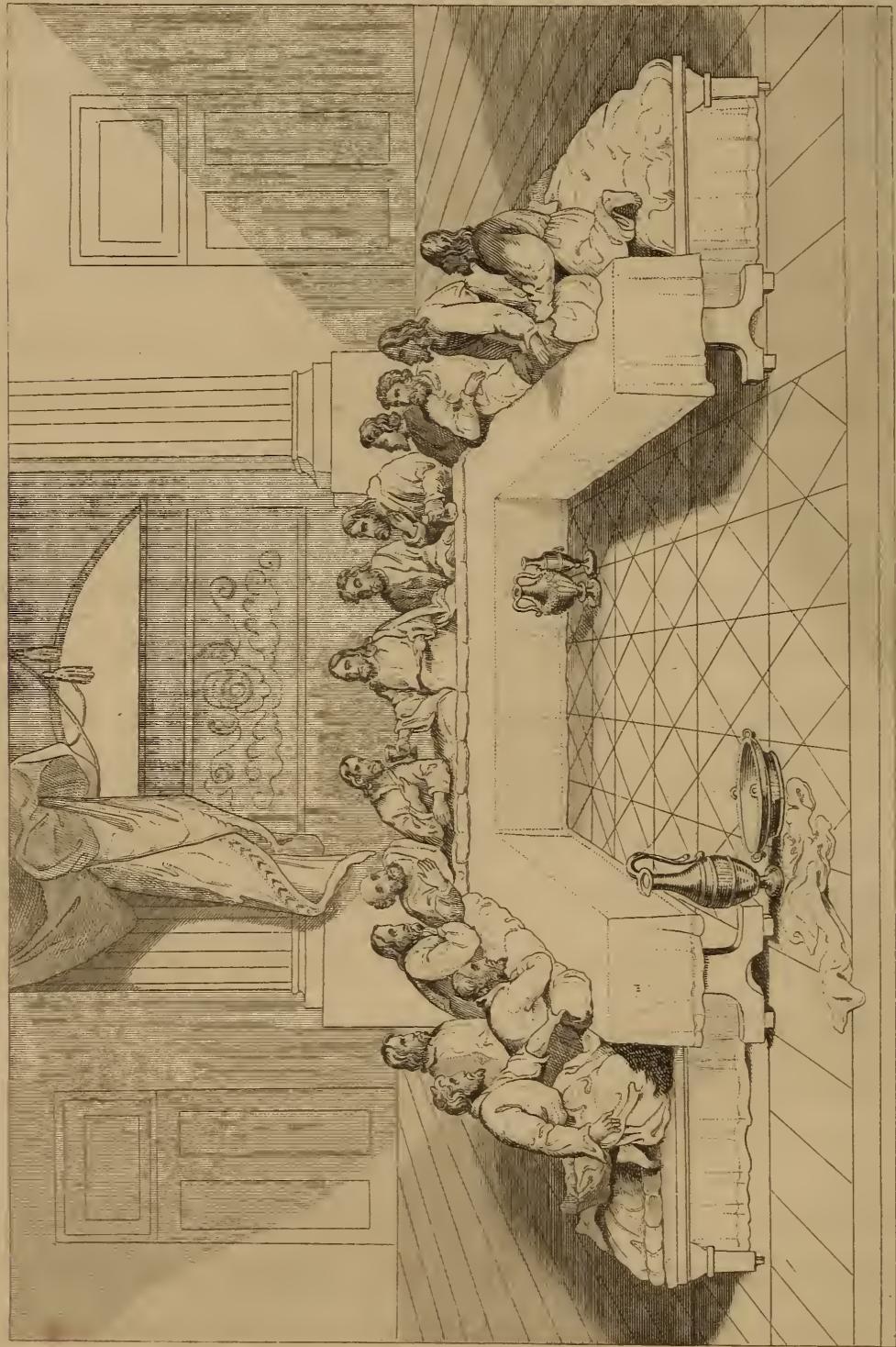
So you see, dear children, that you are not too young to love and praise the Lord. Many, no older than you, are praising him in heaven. Serve your Redeemer on earth, and, after this life is ended, you shall join that blessed company above, and dwell with God for ever.

The following is the account which Matthew gives us of the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem.

“ And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples, saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others

cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest! And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David! they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea: have ye not read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"*

* Matthew xxi. 1, 2, 6—11. 14—16.



LXXXI. CENA.

DAS HETTIGE ABSENDMAAL, | THIE LASSE SULLER.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IT was evening in Jerusalem. The noise of passing multitudes, that had been heard during the day, in its busy, crowded streets, ceased with the setting sun; for when its bright beams fell no longer on the marble walls and beautiful gates of the temple, the feast of the Passover had commenced, and all were called to enter their quiet homes. In a large, upper room, in a retired part of the city, a little band of twelve men were seated with their Teacher at the Paschal Supper. They did not sit at the table, as we do, but reclined on soft couches, placed around, and supported themselves with ease by leaning on the left elbow.

They ate in silence, listening with deep attention to the words of their Master, whose voice alone was heard in the stillness of that peaceful hour. Their countenances were sad; they looked troubled and anxious, and the tones of their instructor's voice were affectionate, yet very sor-

rowful, as He spake to them. Mournful, indeed, were His words. "Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me; whither I go, ye cannot come."

Yes, dear children, it was the last time that Jesus and his disciples, (for it is of them I am speaking,) ever sat thus together on earth. It was the last time that they listened to his instructions, who had been, for years, their leader and guide. Soon he was to be taken from them, to suffer and die, and they would be separated, in this dreadful manner, from their best, their dearest friend. His form would be no more seen among them; and they would be scattered, as "sheep without a shepherd." Oh! how their hearts clung to him, at the thought of parting! How gladly would they have laid down their own lives to have saved his!

If you could have looked on that sorrowing company, you would have thought they all felt the same warm affection for Jesus; but he, who saw the thoughts of their hearts, knew that it was not so.

Can you believe it, dear children,—one, who sat at that table, who had shared his kindness and love; who had seen his wonderful miracles, and heard his gracious words;

one of his own familiar friends, his chosen ones;—even he, at that very hour, was planning the destruction of his Lord and Saviour! He was thinking how he could most easily betray him; that is, deliver him into the hands of his cruel enemies, who were determined to put him to death.

You see him in the picture before you, sitting on the left of the Redeemer, holding a purse in his hand. His name is Judas, and it is for the sake of the money, which he is to receive if he delivers up his Master, that he is tempted to commit that dreadful sin. O miserable, wicked man! Can gold make him happy, when he has obtained it by betraying his kind, loving benefactor? It cannot—it never has, and it never will make any man happy, who gains it by doing wrong. The Bible says, the “love of money is the root of all evil.” It leads men to commit the most dreadful crimes.

When you grow up, dear children, and feel that you would like to be rich and live in luxury and wealth, remember that it was a wish to possess wealth that led Judas to betray his Lord and Saviour. Pray to God to make you desire his favour more than all the riches and

pleasures of the world. Solomon says, “The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich ; and he addeth no sorrow with it.”

Every kind word that Jesus spoke made the conscience of Judas reproach him bitterly ; and he longed to leave the presence of his Master, and go where his gentle eye would not be upon him. While he was thinking how he could best do this, Jesus, who knew his thoughts, turned to the listening disciples, and told them that it was even one of them that should betray him. They looked at each other in sorrow and surprise at such a declaration. They could scarcely believe that it could possibly be true.

Peter, whom you see in the picture, sitting at the right hand of Jesus, beckoned to John, who is placed next the Saviour, to ask their Master who it was. He, leaning on Jesus’ bosom, because he was his beloved disciple and friend, gently inquired who it was.

Now, there was on the table a thick sauce, made of bunches of raisins and other fruit, mixed with vinegar, into which, according to the custom of the East, they dipped their bread ; and the Saviour told John, that he would give “a sop,” or piece of bread covered with

this sauce, to the disciple who would betray him. He immediately handed a portion to Judas, and said to him, in a calm, kind tone, "What thou doest, do quickly."

The wretched, guilty man, unable longer to remain in the presence of his gracious Redeemer, overwhelmed with shame, yet still resolved to carry out his wicked plan, arose and went forth into the dark streets of the city. While he hurries along, in the silence of night, to the chief priests and Pharisees, who had promised him thirty pieces of silver if he would betray the Redeemer, let us enter again the quiet room, where Jesus and his disciples still remain, and see what is now taking place among that affectionate, but sad little company.

"As they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to them and said, Take, eat, this is my body." He meant to teach them, that as this bread was broken, so would his body be broken, as a sacrifice for their sins. And he took a cup of wine, and when "he had given thanks," he told them each to drink of it, for it was a type of his precious blood, which was soon to be shed for them, to redeem their souls from eternal

death. Then he added those tender and touching words, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Jesus sat among them for the last time. They would soon see his face no more. Now, just before leaving them, he points out to them a way in which they can show, through all their future lives, that they have not forgotten his wonderful love, his great sufferings, and painful death for them. It is the observance of the Lord's Supper, in which, by partaking of bread and wine, in the most solemn manner, they will declare their grateful recollection of all that He has done for them, whose blood alone "cleanseth from all sin."

O can they ever forget this hour? Will not those parting words, "Do this in remembrance of me," dwell always in their hearts? Will they be ashamed to confess their faith in the crucified Saviour, even before the proud people that hate and despise him? Will they not rejoice to own him as their Lord?

The apostles did not forget the Redeemer's affectionate request. When they were scattered abroad, after his crucifixion, and cruelly persecuted because they were his faithful followers, they still continued, even unto the

end of their lives, to keep this solemn feast, as a token of their love to their ascended Saviour, and in memory of his death. They taught other Christians, who were led by their preaching to believe in Jesus, to do the same ; and though more than eighteen hundred years have passed away, since that sad night when the Son of Man was betrayed into the hands of sinners to be crucified, still the people of God delight to partake of this sacred feast. They gather, with thankful hearts, around the table of the Lord, confessing themselves to be miserable sinners, and trusting for salvation, entirely, in his atoning sacrifice. And this solemn supper will be observed until Jesus shall return again in great power and glory, to judge the world, and to take his people home to his glorious kingdom in heaven.

After the supper was ended, they sang a hymn, and then went out, and passing, silently, through the streets of Jerusalem, took a path which led them over the brook Cedron, to the Mount of Olives. Jesus went forth from that favoured but wicked city, no more to enter it, until He was brought thither by the fierce soldiers, who were sent to take him prisoner. He knew all that was to hap-

pen—all the agony and intense suffering which he was to endure. He could have saved himself from it, had he wished to do so. He could have easily destroyed his enemies, but then man would not have been redeemed. He came to die for sinners. That was the object of his entrance into this lower world. It was for this that he became a “man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” He died that we might live. “The Lord laid on him the iniquities of us all.” “By his stripes we are healed.” He was punished in our stead, and on account of his undeserved sufferings for us, we miserable sinners are pardoned, accepted by God and owned as his children.

O what wonderful love was this for a lost race! Had not Jesus died, not one of us could ever enjoy the love and favour of God in this world, or hope to see his face in glory. Unhappy here, and utterly miserable for ever! Such would have been our sad condition if he had not looked on us, and pitied us, and bought us with his own blood. Can we ever repay him for this rich mercy? No, never! but we can give him our hearts, our affections, and this is all he asks of us. Eternity,

itself, will be too short to praise our precious Saviour for all that he has done for us.

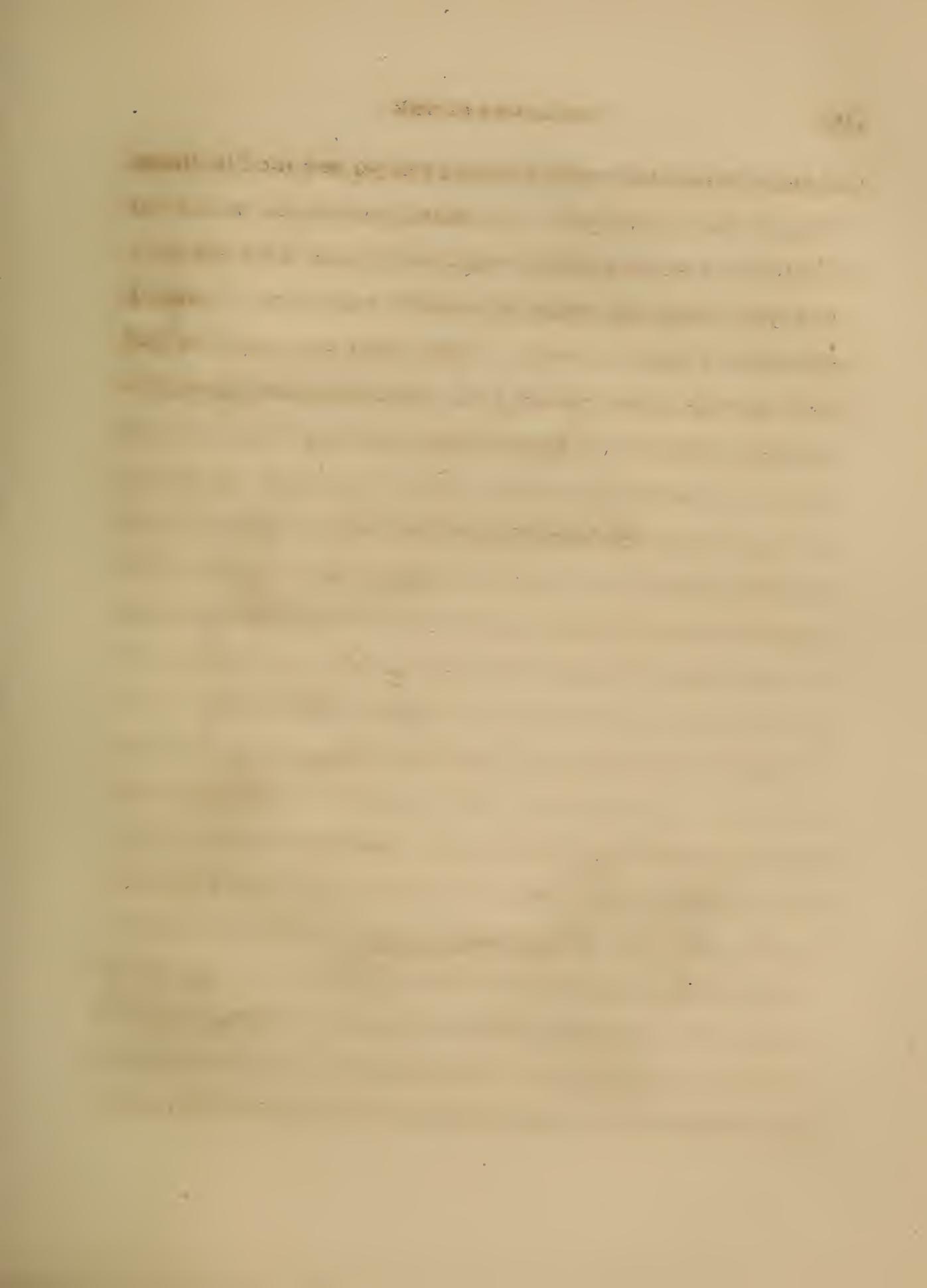
How hateful, in the sight of God, must sin be! To atone for it, it was necessary that he should send his beloved Son to bleed and die. Can we love it, and cherish it in our hearts? Shall we not daily pray that we may be made pure within?

While Jesus and his disciples were at supper, in Jerusalem, when he saw how grieved and troubled they were at the thought of their separation from him and his painful death, he spoke many cheering words unto them. I cannot tell you all of them, dear children, but some of them are so full of comfort and affection, and show so plainly how the Saviour loved his friends and followers, that I will place them here for you to read.

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while,

and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

John xiv. 1—3, 18, 19, 23, 27.



JUDAS TRAHIT JÉSUS PAR UN BANIER,
JUDAS BETRAYED JESUS WITH A BLANKET.



JUDAS BETRAYING JESUS WITH A KISS.

DURING the last, sad evening that Jesus and His disciples passed together, when he spoke of leaving them, Simon Peter, who sincerely and deeply loved his master, asked if he might not go with him. The Saviour told him, that he could not follow him then, and that so far from even wishing to attend him, when he should be a captive in the hands of his enemies, he, and all the rest of them, would be ashamed to own him as their Lord, and, leaving him alone, would seek their safety in flight.

Surprised and grieved at the thought, that they would thus forsake their beloved friend and teacher, the disciples exclaimed, that they would rather die with him than act in this ungrateful and cowardly manner. Peter, who was naturally very courageous, and warm in his feelings, said he was perfectly willing to lay down his life for his Master.

You will remember, dear children; that this was the

same disciple who thought his faith in the power of Jesus was strong enough to bear him up upon the raging sea ; but who, attempting to walk upon the waves, became fearful, lost his confidence in the Saviour, and would have sunk if the Lord had not taken pity on him and saved him. You may have supposed that he would feel very humble at this proof of his weakness, but, he seems to have forgotten it, and now, trusting in his own strength, he boldly declares, that his love for the Redeemer is so great, that he would prefer death to forsaking him.

Jesus, knowing his weakness, and the trial that awaited his affectionate yet feeble follower, told him, that before another day should dawn, he should deny, three times, that he had ever known him ; then, looking on him with much interest and compassion, he added these affectionate and thrilling words, “Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat,”—or, try your faith by temptations hard to bear,—“but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.”

O wonderful love ! Jesus went forth to die, to endure sufferings too great for us to imagine, or understand. He was to bear the punishment which a whole race of guilty

beings deserved for their sins, and yet, in that dark, fearful hour, he remembered, he pitied, he prayed for one of his weak disciples, who would soon most basely deny that he knew him, or had ever followed him! How much did the Redeemer love even the feeblest of the little band, whom he had chosen to be with him, and to witness his mighty works! How deeply did he feel the trials and sorrows that would befall them when he should be taken from them! And does he now still look with compassion upon his people, and still pray for them? Yes. He ever liveth to intercede with God for them. Oh! if he prays for us, if the Son of God, amid all the glory and praises of heaven, remembers us, poor, miserable sinners, who deserve not his slightest notice, and pleads before his Father's throne, that we may be forgiven, shall we not pray for ourselves? Shall we not turn from sin to the service of Christ? Can we bear to grieve such a friend?

While Jesus was speaking to his disciples of his separation from them, the trials that awaited them, and explaining to them the offices of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, that he would send them, to cheer, support and guide them, they crossed the little brook Cedron, and

drew near the garden of Gethsemane. This was a retired grove, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It was planted with the beautiful trees from which that mount received its name, with shady walks and bowers, and, here and there, a shining fountain, throwing up its cooling waters. It was a peaceful, quiet spot, far away from the noise and bustle of the neighbouring city. Here one could sit, and, from this pleasant distance, look down upon the sacred temple, and all the noble buildings that adorned Jerusalem; just catch the gentle murmur of the brook, winding like a silver thread among the green meadows beneath; and looking upward, gaze with unwearyed eyes, on the verdant sides of the ascending mount, crowned with its green, cool groves.

Jesus had often gone thither with his disciples, choosing it, as a suitable place, to impart his heavenly instructions. There was scarcely a path their feet had not trodden, or a spot in it that was not hallowed by recollections of his heavenly teachings. The Saviour had also often passed many hours there, alone, in communion with God.

It is probable, that when the disciples entered this gar-

den, on that memorable night, and looked round on its quiet groves and walks, appearing still more lovely in the soft rays of the moon, that shone faintly through the trees, and fell brightly on the sparkling fountains, they felt that all danger was over, and that in this lonely retreat, no evil could befall them. But Jesus knew that it was not so, and he bade them watch and pray, lest they should fall into temptation. He then took with him Peter, James and John, to a still more retired part of the grounds, and bidding these, his favoured friends, to "watch," he went a little further, and "kneeled down and prayed."

It was nearly midnight, and, worn out with anxiety and sorrow, the disciples fell asleep; and there, alone, in that still hour of night, the Lord of Glory, the Only-begotten Son of God, our Saviour, knelt down and uttered an earnest, agonising prayer! What passed during that fearful season, the dreadful weight of anguish and wo, that so overwhelmed the Son of God, that an angel was sent from heaven to strengthen him, no human mind can understand.

We cannot now know, dear children, the fearful amount of suffering that Jesus endured for us, and which we

should have borne, had he not taken our place. Throughout the countless ages of eternity, if we are his children, we shall be learning more and more of the wonders of his exceeding great love towards us, shown by the intense agony he suffered for our sakes.

Luke, in describing the fearful scenes of Gethsemane, thus writes: "He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him, from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground."

While Jesus and his disciples were thus employed, Judas was with the chief priests and Pharisees, planning the destruction of the suffering Saviour. They hastened to take their innocent victim during the hours of darkness, because they knew that many of the Jews believed on him, from having seen the miracles he had done, and would not have allowed him to be put to death, without making an effort to obtain his release. They feared the

people would defeat all their cruel purposes, if they waited until morning; and so, about midnight, Judas, with a band of men and officers, was sent out to seek the Saviour, and bring him, as quietly as possible, to the palace of the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled. This company of men were armed with swords and spears, and they carried torches in their hands, thinking, perhaps, that Jesus might hide himself in the deep shade of the groves of the garden.

Meanwhile the Saviour, knowing of their approach, gently awakened his sleeping disciples, and told them that the hour of their separation had come. They started up and gathered, fearfully, around their Master. All was yet quiet, but soon the deep stillness was broken by a distant sound of voices, and the heavy tread of armed men. It came nearer and nearer. The light of their torches was plainly seen, and soon, with shouts of triumph, they entered the garden, and approached the spot where Jesus stood amid his little, feeble band. Terrified by their loud, angry voices, their flashing, uplifted weapons, the disciples shrunk back, but Jesus, with a calm brow, and firm step, advanced to meet them. Even at that terrible mo-

ment, he thought not of himself, but of those whom he loved, and went forward thus, that he might divert their attention from his followers, saying unto them, "Whom seek ye?" They replied, "Jesus of Nazareth." He answered, "I am he." Struck by the noble dignity of his manner, they felt that they were in the presence of a superior being; and, overwhelmed with a sense of the wickedness of their design, and by the unexpected manner of the Saviour, they went backward and fell to the ground. But Judas, who had agreed to point out his Master to the soldiers, by kissing him, (which was a common token of friendship among the Jews,) immediately drew near, and embraced his Lord. Jesus did not reproach him for his wicked and deceitful conduct, but meekly said, "Friend," or companion, "wherefore art thou come?" He did not ask this question because the plans of Judas were unknown to him, but to remind the wretched man of the dreadful crime he was about to commit. Oh! how deeply those mild words and the gentle tone in which they were uttered, must have pierced his heart!

In the picture of this scene, dear children, you will see Judas with his head resting on the Saviour's bosom. He

does not look up into His face, for he dreads to meet the eye of his abused friend. Memory, perhaps, recalls, in all their freshness, the many pleasant hours he had passed in that very garden, sitting by the side of Jesus and listening to his heavenly words. There are his old companions and that affectionate teacher, but now he meets them as the betrayer of him whom they all love; as their guilty, deceitful associate! He turns quickly away, and is lost amid the number of fierce looking men that surround Jesus. He, again declaring himself to be the person whom they seek, asks them to allow his disciples to retire freely and unhurt; and suffers them to "lay their hands on him." Peter, who is standing near, on beholding his Master a captive in the grasp of his cruel enemies, draws his sword, and striking one of them, (a servant of the high priest,) cuts off his ear. But does Jesus allow him to use this violence? O no! He bids him put up his sword, and immediately heals the wound. Gentle, suffering Saviour, how meek, how kind, how forgiving art thou!

Even this proof of the divine power of Jesus does not convince or change the wicked purposes of his enemies.

They seize him, and the disciples who, but a few short hours before, had declared that they would rather die with him than forsake him, filled with fear, flee from the place. While they hasten from it, in one direction, the band of men and officers lead Jesus away in another, towards Jerusalem. All noise and confusion soon cease, and as the last faint sound of their departing footsteps dies away in the distance, the deep, unbroken silence of night rests once more upon the mournful groves of Gethsemane.



JÉSUS DEVANT PILATE.

JÉSUS VOR PILATUS. | JÉSUS IN PRESENCE OF PILATE.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

THE band of men who had laid hold on Jesus, led Him into the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest. Peter and John, who sincerely loved their Master, and had followed Him at a distance, to see His trial, entered also into the large hall, into which the Saviour had been taken. In the upper part of this hall was a platform, on which the council sat; at the lower end of it, the servants of the high priest had collected, having made a fire, as the nights in Judea, at that season of the year, were quite cold. The two disciples joined them, and stood warming themselves, watching, with the deepest interest, all that was passing at the tribunal, before which Jesus stood.

Here a maid-servant said unto Peter, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." She probably knew John, and supposed that this man was one of his companions. Peter, afraid of some danger happening to him if he confessed the truth, immediately denied the charge, and said

he did not know what she meant, and could not understand why she should ask him such a question. Ashamed and confused at his own weakness, he turned away from the fire, and went out into the porch, thinking that he would thus escape further notice. Soon, however, he was again accused of being a disciple of Jesus, and, forgetful of his Master's tender love, and of his own repeated promises never to be ashamed of him, Peter boldly declared, "I know not the man." After a while, having returned into the hall, those who stood near again asserted that he must be one of the followers of the Saviour; and Peter, now enraged at his being so widely known to be a disciple of the Lord, thought it necessary to be more decided in his answer than before, and led by guilty, cowardly fear, he "began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man!"

O weak and erring Peter! Where was the strong love which he thought would make him willing to lay down his life for his Master and Friend? - Where was all his courage, to face dangers for his sake? He trusted in his own strength, and it failed him in the hour of temptation.

Whenever you feel strong, dear children, in your own

power and resolutions, to do what is right, remember Peter, and take care lest you fall, as he did, into sin. You cannot resist the many inducements which Satan, the world, and your sinful heart continually present to lead you astray, unless you seek strength from the Lord. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might!" Trust not in your own weak and deceitful heart.

Jesus had told Peter, when he was expressing his firm resolution not to deny him, that before the cock crew, he should deny him thrice. The first thing that recalled the weak disciple to a consciousness of his sin was hearing the sound of the crowing of the cock, when he had denied the Lord the last time. The words of Jesus rushed across his mind; and just at that moment, too, his blessed Master, who was still standing before the high priest, "turned and looked" upon him. O how reproving, how affectionate, how sorrowful was that look! Love and sorrow seemed mingled in his mild glance.

Jesus was in the hands of his cruel enemies. They treated him with scorn and contempt. No friendly voice was raised to plead for him; and now the familiar tones of one whom he had loved, and who had professed the most

ardent attachment for him, fell on his ear, denying that he had ever known him. He spake not a word, but he turned, and looked on Peter. That gentle look was full of meaning—it was enough, and, being forced upon his heart by the conviction of his deep and awful guilt, Peter “went out and wept bitterly.”

Like him, dear children, when we fall into sin, let us seek some lonely spot, and, with prayers and tears, beseech God to have mercy upon us.

Meanwhile the high priest asked Jesus many questions, hoping to find in his answers some cause for putting him to death. He inquired, very solemnly, if he was, indeed, the Messiah; and the Saviour replied that he was, truly, the Son of God. Then the high priest rent his clothes, as a token of his horror and grief, that Jesus should thus make himself equal to God; and the council declared that he was guilty of death.

At this time the Jews were not their own masters, for the Roman nation had conquered them, and appointed a governor over them, whose name was Pontius Pilate. They had no right to put any man to death, unless they received permission from this officer. To him,

therefore, they resolved to take their innocent prisoner, and endeavour to persuade him to condemn the Redeemer. Pilate, having heard that Jesus was from Galilee, sent him to Herod, who governed that portion of the Holy Land; but Herod, finding no fault in him, ordered the guard to take him back again to Pilate.

It was now early in the morning, and the people of Jerusalem were awaking from their slumbers, to the cares and labours of another day. They had slept quietly through the hours of that sad, memorable night, unconscious of the important scenes that were passing near them; and now, as they rejoiced in the light of the bright, fresh morning, they thought not that their rulers were seeking his death, of whom their prophets had so often spoken, the long-promised Saviour of mankind.

There was one miserable man, who knew all the events of that fearful night, who would gladly have had its darkness continue, and who almost hated the cheerful beams of the rising sun, when its early rays shone brightly around him. He felt that he was a guilty outcast upon earth; that he could never more mingle with the good and upright among men; that his place must, hence-

forth, be with the vile and wretched ; that happiness and peace had fled from his heart for ever. He wandered forth, not caring whither he went, loathing and despising himself, and unwilling to meet the glance or hear the voice of any familiar friend ; for he knew, that all must look upon him with horror, on account of his dreadful crime. It was the wretched Judas, the betrayer of his Lord and Master ! It is probable, that he had supposed that Jesus would have delivered himself, by his miraculous power, out of the hands of his enemies ; and now, when he saw that this was not the case, but that he would probably be put to death, he was overwhelmed with remorse. He felt his exceeding, awful guilt, and was filled with bitter anguish ; but this consciousness of sin did not lead him to throw himself at his Master's feet, and seek his forgiveness. He sought not the Saviour, as he would have done had he been truly sorry for his sin ; but taking the thirty pieces of silver, for the sake of which he had betrayed his Friend, to the chief priests and elders, who were in the temple, he cast them down, declaring that he had sinned in having placed the innocent Redeemer in their power, and then “departed, and went and hanged himself.”

Such was the dreadful end of this miserable man. The Saviour said, in speaking of him, “It had been good for that man, if he had not been born.” Better, far better, would it have been for any of us, dear children, never to have entered this world, than to live and die in sin, without faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and without pardon, and acceptance before God, through the merits of his blood.

It was a custom, at the feast of the Passover, that the Roman governor should release one person, whom the people should select, from those who were bound in prison. There was at this time in confinement, a man who had committed robbery and murder, whose name was Barabbas. Pilate was perfectly satisfied that Jesus was innocent of any crime deserving death; and, hoping to procure his immediate freedom, without offending the Jews, he asked them, which he should set free, Barabbas or Jesus. He supposed the people would choose the Saviour, as they all knew Barabbas to be a very wicked man. Probably they would have wished, and asked for the release of the innocent Jesus, had not the chief priests and elders excited them against him, and induced them to

cry out, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Pilate was very unwilling to grant their request, but he was a weak man, and had not courage enough to refuse, and do what he knew was right. He asked them, what they wished him, then, to do with Jesus; and they answered, "Let him be crucified!" The governor tried to reason with them, inquiring what evil he had done; but they would not listen, but called out the louder, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

Such is the scene described, dear children, in the picture. In it, you see Jesus wearing a crown of thorns on his brow, placed there by the cruel Roman soldiers, in mockery, because he was called the King of the Jews. He is clothed in a purple robe, probably an old garment which Pilate had once worn, and holds a reed in his hand, which they have given him in the place of a sceptre. All this has been done in ridicule and scorn, attended with many other tokens of their great contempt for their meek and silent captive. They are now standing near, with their spears and shining helmets. Pilate, on his royal throne, pointing, with pitying look, to the Saviour, seems to be appealing to the compassion of the Jews, for one

so weak and helpless; but, with angry voices and uplifted hands, they still repeat the cruel cry, “Crucify him! Crucify him!”

Now Pilate had power to release Jesus, and it was very unjust and cruel in him to deliver any man to death, whom he thought to be innocent; but, terrified by the threats of the enraged people, who had now collected in great numbers around his palace, he yielded to their wishes. Before he did so, however, he sent for water, and washed his hands in it, as a sign that he did not approve of putting Jesus to death, but cast all the blame on them. The Jews, who perfectly understood this action, immediately exclaimed, “His blood be on us, and on our children!” They meant by this, that if there was any guilt in crucifying the Saviour, they were willing that the punishment of it should fall on themselves and their children. Poor, unhappy people! Most fearfully have they suffered for their sin. They had no right to call down the vengeance of the Lord upon their children, but God has seen fit, in his righteous judgment, to visit their sin upon their descendants from generation to generation. In less than forty years, after they had uttered this fear-

ful cry, their city and temple were entirely destroyed by the Romans. Thousands perished, at that time, for want of food; thousands died from disease, and great multitudes were slain by the sword. Numbers were put to death by the Romans in the same dreadful way in which they themselves had condemned the Messiah to suffer, by nailing them to a cross.

After the destruction of their beloved city, they were widely scattered. Driven from their native land, they wandered over the face of the earth, from country to country, finding no home, no clime in which they could rest in safety and peace. Eighteen hundred years have passed away since they refused to accept the Saviour as their Lord and King; and, during that long period of years, they have been, everywhere, a despised and persecuted people.

While we pity and pray for them, dear children, let us beware of committing the same sin, for which they have thus suffered, in turning away from that precious Saviour, who died to save our souls, and refusing to allow him to be our ruler and guide. Let us welcome him as

our Redeemer and King, and serve him, and love him with all our hearts!

When Pilate had delivered Jesus into the hands of his enemies, and told them they might do with him as they pleased, they immediately "led him away to crucify him."



JÉSUS SUR LA CROIX.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.
JESUS AUF DEM KREUZE.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

WE have followed the Saviour, dear children, through many of the scenes of his life on earth. We have seen him worshiped by the shepherds, praised by the sick and suffering who were healed through his power, and conducted with shouts of triumph into the city of Jerusalem. We have beheld him in the hands of his enemies, treated with the most cruel scorn and contempt ; forsaken by his friends and followers ; a patient, forgiving, suffering captive. Now, we must look upon a scene still more dark and sorrowful. We must go out of the city to a place called Calvary, and see him die. Yes, we must draw near the cross, and behold the death of the Son of God ! While we gaze on this sad sight, let us remember that it is for us the Saviour died ; that he suffered the punishment of our sins, “the just for the unjust,” to redeem our souls from eternal death.

The Roman soldiers, followed by a “great company of

people," led the Saviour towards the place of crucifixion. Calvary is at a short distance from Jerusalem, just without its walls. Here prisoners, condemned to die, were publicly executed; and it was at this place that Jesus was to suffer. Two thieves were led with him to be crucified.

Among those who joined the sad procession, as it passed through the gates of the city, towards Calvary, were a number of Jewish women. They looked, with the deepest pity on the meek and innocent Jesus, and uttered many expressions of sorrow and compassion for his cruel doom. When Jesus heard them mourning, (with that tender love which he always felt towards those around him,) he turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!" He knew the dreadful evils that would soon come upon the Jews; the pain and anguish they would endure, when their beautiful city should be destroyed, and they be driven forth to wander through strange lands; and he pitied them, though they were about to put him to a shameful and cruel death. His kind words must have deeply affected the hearts of the weeping women, but his enemies

were still unmoved. They reached the place. The cross was prepared for the innocent victim. It was probably made of two pieces of wood, one of which was placed upright in the earth, and crossed by another near the top. The feet were nailed to the upright post, and the hands were fastened with nails to the cross-piece. It was the most cruel manner in which a person could be put to death, as the sufferer sometimes lingered in the greatest agony for a long time. It was also a most disgraceful punishment, and was inflicted, generally, only on slaves, robbers and the most wicked men.

Such an exceedingly painful and degrading death did Jesus Christ suffer. Though he was equal with God and worshiped by saints and angels, yet, for our sakes "he took upon him the form of a servant," and "humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!" Yes, "they crucified him!"

Though by a single word he could have destroyed his enemies, and delivered himself out of their hands, Jesus did not speak that word. The salvation of our ruined world depended on him. If he died, a way was open for them to return to God and be saved; if he refused to die,

they must perish for ever. He shrank not from sufferings too great for us to imagine, but meekly endured them all, that we, miserable sinners, might be redeemed. “Was ever love like this?” “God spared not his own Son; but delivered him up for us all,” and “he bare our sins in his own body on the tree.” Wonderful mercy and love!

After the soldiers had crucified the Redeemer, they sat down near the cross, waiting until he should die, for they feared that some of his friends might come to rescue him. The people also stood around the cross, with the scribes and elders, and beheld the sufferings of Jesus, and heard his dying prayer to God: “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!” Yes, instead of calling upon the Lord to punish their wickedness, Jesus prayed, even in that last, bitter hour of pain and anguish, that they might be forgiven!

If we wish to follow the holy example of this blessed Saviour, like him, we must also pray for those who treat us unkindly, and never return “evil for evil,” but “overcome evil with good.”

You can scarcely believe, dear children, that those who saw the sufferings of Jesus on the cross and listened

to that affecting prayer, could have any other feeling but that of pity. Perhaps you think that they were sorry for what they had done. O no! “They that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, saying, If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said, He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be the king of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God.”

At first the thieves, also, that were crucified with Jesus, reviled him in the same manner. Amid all their own sufferings, these hardened and wicked men joined with the scoffing multitude, in heaping scorn and reproaches on the Saviour. But the patient, forgiving spirit which Jesus showed amid all the pain and anguish he endured, touched, at length, the proud heart of one of the thieves, and melted it into sorrow for his sins; and into pity and love for the innocent, uncomplaining sufferer. He believed that Jesus was, indeed, the Messiah, and that, though he died, he would rise again, and set up his glorious king-

dom; and that he had power to forgive sins and to bless those who trusted in him. He reproved his companion for his contempt of the blessed Redeemer, confessed that they were justly punished for their crimes, but that Jesus "had done nothing amiss." Having thus openly declared that he felt his sinfulness, he said unto Jesus, with humble faith in his power to forgive and bless even him, a dying thief, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" It was a short and simple prayer, but it came from the heart, and it showed the sincere confidence of the suffering man in the Saviour. It seemed to say to Jesus, "Though thou art hanging now upon the shameful cross, scorned by all around thee, yet I believe that thou art truly the Christ, my Lord and Saviour; and I pray thee, when thou art exalted to the glories of thy heavenly kingdom, forget me not, a poor, dying sinner, who trusts in thy mercy alone for salvation!"

And was his prayer heard? O yes! None ever came to Jesus in penitence and faith, and were not received and blessed. The Saviour replied, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

How comforting, how kind was this blessed promise—

“To-day thou shalt be made perfectly happy with me.” How sweetly must those words have sounded in the ears of the dying malefactor! They soothed the pains of death, for they spoke to him of a speedy release from suffering, and of a happy home beyond the grave, with his Redeemer. How great a change had taken place in the character and condition of the penitent thief! He had been a wicked, scoffing man; despising and reviling Jesus; soon to die an enemy of God; to appear before the judgment seat with all his sins unpardoned; deserving God’s wrath and everlasting wo. His heart is softened by the Holy Spirit; he believes in Christ; and with true sorrow for his past sins, he prays to be forgiven. He becomes meek and patient; his heart is filled with joy and peace; and he dies, praising the Saviour for his wonderful mercy and love, with the cheering hope of rising to dwell with him for ever.

The greatest sinner, dear children, may come to Jesus. None are so wicked that he cannot save them, nor so sinful that he will not, if they are sorry for their sins, and place all their confidence in him; for “God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whoso-

ever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The other thief probably died without repentance and faith in Jesus. Perhaps he even ridiculed his praying companion. O how dreadful must be their punishment, who turn away from the only Saviour and perish in their sins.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." These holy women feared not the rough Roman soldiers, nor were they driven from their sad post by the ridicule of the scoffing Jews; but with tears of bitter sorrow, gazed on their dying Lord. They resolved to remain until death ended his intense sufferings, hoping that their presence and sympathy might afford him some little comfort. John, the beloved disciple, also stood with the weeping group, his affectionate heart filled with the deepest anguish.

And did their watchful love remain unnoticed by him for whom they wept? . O no! Amid the agonies of that last, fearful hour, they, so faithful and unchanging in their attachment to Jesus, were not forgotten. When he saw

his tender mother, the Saviour was filled with pity for her affliction. John, in whose affection he placed perfect confidence, was standing beside her; and he said unto her, in kind and gentle accents, "Woman, behold thy son;" and then, speaking to his "beloved disciple," he entrusted her to his care, saying, "Behold thy mother!" John understood the meaning of his dying master, and faithfully obeyed his wish, for "from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." He supported and comforted her, paying her all the dutiful attentions of a son.

Jesus remembered his mother when he was hanging on the painful cross. Even then he thought of her welfare, and provided for her comfort.

What a lovely example is this, dear children, of the regard of a child for a parent; of a son for his mother! Will you not try to imitate it? With what displeasure must Jesus look down from his throne in heaven, upon those careless, disobedient children, who trifle with their parents' wishes and commands, and by their wicked conduct, trouble and distress them; sometimes even bringing down their "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

“Now from the sixth hour,” or noon, at which time it is supposed the Saviour was crucified, “there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour,” or three o’clock in the afternoon. Yes, the sun was darkened, as though ashamed to look upon that dreadful scene! The light of day was withdrawn! At noon, it became suddenly dark, and for three hours the land of Judea and the neighbouring countries remained in the thick gloom of midnight!

About the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, “**IT IS FINISHED:** and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.” The object of the Saviour’s coming into this fallen world, and of all his toils and sufferings, was gained. Man was redeemed. An atonement had been made; a sacrifice offered; the Lamb of God had been slain, to take away the sin of the world. God could now forgive sin and receive into his favour every sinner who came to him, believing in Jesus. The Redeemer’s work was ended. He had died in the place of guilty man, and had borne the punishment of his sins.

“**IT IS FINISHED!**” O blessed words! They speak of pardon and hope to us wretched, perishing creatures.

We may now become children of God, and heirs of heaven, through the merits of his blood, who, eighteen hundred years ago, died thus on Calvary, for our salvation. Precious Gospel!

Is it not, dear children, “glad tidings of great joy?” Shall we not unite in the song of the shepherds, who sang praises at our Saviour’s birth, saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men;” and with the saints and angels before the throne, who cry, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing?”

And did the death of Jesus pass unnoticed by those around the cross? Were there no signs attending it to teach guilty men the dreadful nature of the crime they had committed? When he “bowed his head” and died, behold, what wonders were wrought—“The vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened: and many bodies of saints which slept arose.”

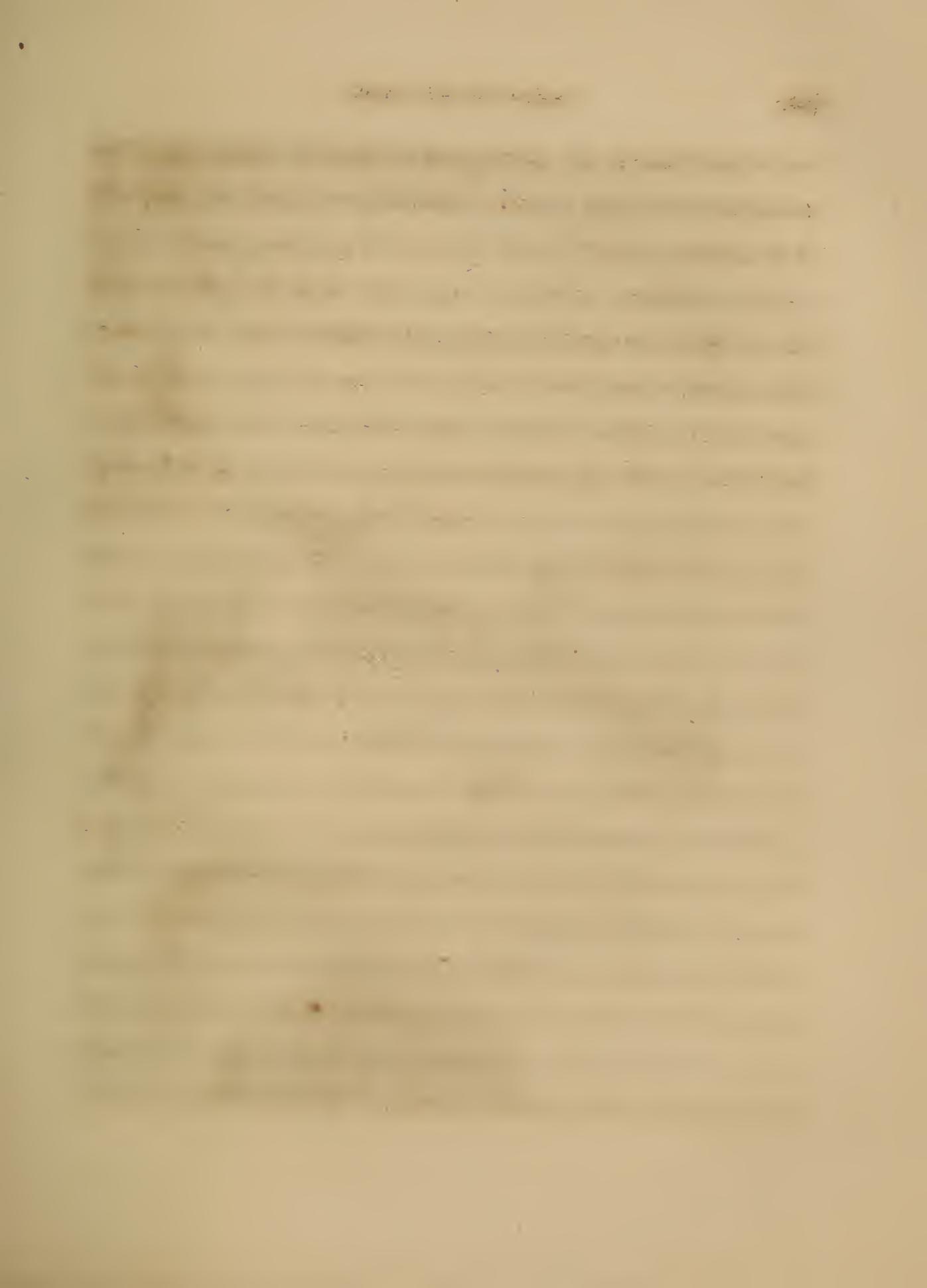
God thus showed his anger towards those who had cru-

cified the Lord of glory, and proved also, that the sufferer was, indeed, the Messiah, the promised Saviour of mankind.

“Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God. And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned” to their homes. The Roman soldiers also, having pierced the side of Jesus with a spear, in order that they might be certain that he was quite dead, then left the sad spot. You will see them in the picture, thus preparing to depart; one of them is already on his way to the city, with his banner floating in the breeze.

When the multitude, who had gathered around the cross, had all departed, Joseph, a rich man of Arimathea, who had loved and trusted in Jesus, went to Pilate, and boldly asked him for the body of the Saviour, wishing to take it down from the cross, and bury it with affectionate respect. Pilate gave him permission to do so. Assisted by Nicodemus, another disciple, who had once come to

Jesus by night, to inquire respecting his kingdom, he bore the body to his own new tomb, which had been hewn out of a rock. Having wrapped it in "linen cloths, with the spices," (which they had prepared according to the custom of the Jews,) they placed it carefully within the sepulchre. O how sad must have been their thoughts as they performed these last duties to their Lord and Master, and having "rolled a great stone to the door" departed sorrowfully to their dwellings!





MARIE DANS LE JARDIN . | MARY IN THE GARDEN .

MARY IN THE GARDEN.

THE Jewish Sabbath had passed. It was the first day of the week. The faint, gray light of early morning was breaking on the eastern hills. Over the noble city of Jerusalem, the silence of night still rested, unbroken save by the hasty step of some lonely passer-by, that sounded loud and startling through the deserted streets. Among the few who were abroad at this quiet hour were a little band of women. Their faces were almost entirely hidden by their long veils, as they walked silently through the most obscure parts of the city, and with hasty steps drew near one of its gates. It had just been opened, and a man standing by it looked surprised to see females going forth so early. As he stepped aside out of their way he saluted them, as was the custom in the East, saying, "The Lord be with you!" to which they replied, "Peace be with thee!" and passed quickly on. It was still so dark that

the objects around them were not plainly seen; but they seemed to be familiar with each spot, and turning from the public road, they chose a narrow, winding path that led to Calvary. In the country, all was even more calm and peaceful than within the walls of the city. The cattle were yet in their stalls, and the meadows looked drear and lonely. The ploughshare still lay in the furrows, as it had been left at the setting of the sun, by the weary husbandman. The birds had not begun their morning songs, but reposed among the branches of the trees, their little heads resting beneath their wings. As the women proceeded on their way, they threw aside their thick veils, that they might feel the fresh breeze. Their faces were very pale and sad; and their voices, as they now spoke to each other, were low and mournful.

Do you wish to know who these females were, dear children, and whither they were going? They were holy women, who had loved the Saviour during his life, and gladly supplied his wants; and they were now hastening to his tomb, that they might anoint his body, as they would have done had he been a dear relative, or private friend.

Sad, indeed, had been the sacred hours of the Sabbath to them and to the sorrowing disciples. When alone, in the retirement of their own closets, or when gathered into a little circle, they mingled their tears together, they had only thought and spoken of their crucified Lord and Master. They had fondly hoped that he was, truly, the promised Messiah, the Christ. Not understanding that his kingdom was to be set up in the hearts of men, and that his followers were not to look for honour and greatness in this world, they had expected that he would deliver himself out of the hands of his enemies; destroy the Romans, the conquerors of the Jews; and, when seated on the throne of Israel, make their nation the most powerful on earth. They supposed that he had come to save his people from their foes, not to redeem their souls from the power and punishment of sin. All their hopes seemed to be cut off by his death. They still believed that he was a mighty prophet, sent by God, but they were disappointed and troubled. They had loved him also, deeply, as a most wise, affectionate and faithful friend, teacher and guide. He had been taken from them; they had seen him suffer and die; his place among them was va-

cant; his voice no longer heard, and their hearts were filled with anguish for his loss.

Such were some of the sad thoughts of the little band of faithful women who sought, at this early hour, the tomb of the Saviour. As they entered the garden, all appeared to be the same as when they had left it, on the sad evening of his burial. They had thought it would be difficult for them to remove the large stone which they had seen rolled against the door. It is probable that they had not heard of the guard of soldiers which Pilate had sent to watch the sepulchre, lest the body should be stolen away.

Imagine, dear children, their surprise, when, on reaching the tomb, they saw that the stone was already removed, and the body gone!

Mary Magdalene, who was one of their number, grieved and troubled, supposing that the body had been stolen, did not wait to enter the sepulchre, but turned immediately back and hastened to the city to tell the sad news to the disciples.

The other females went into the tomb, and there beheld two angels in shining garments. When they saw these

heavenly visitors, they were very much afraid, and bowing low before them, they would, probably, have hastened away; but one of them, arrayed in a long, white robe, addressed to them these cheering words, “Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you!” And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word.

O with what different feelings did they leave that garden from those with which they had entered it! What cheering words were those which the angel had spoken unto them! “He is risen!” Joyful sound! Jesus was not dead, he was alive again! Death had not power to hold him captive. He had burst the bars of death. He had proved that he was indeed the Son of God, the Redeemer of men. Their doubts were all removed, and they rejoiced greatly, and hastened to tell the glad tidings to the mourning disciples.

Meanwhile, Mary Magdalene had returned to the city, and told Peter and John that the stone had been taken away, and the body removed, she did not know whither. They immediately went back with her to the garden, in much anxiety and trouble. They probably chose the most retired path, as they did not meet the other women who were on their way to the city; and running with all possible speed, soon reached the sepulchre. They did not know that an angel of the Lord had descended from heaven, and rolled away the stone; and that the terrified guard had at first fallen insensible to the earth, and, when recovered, had fled from the fearful spot. They saw the linen clothes in which the body had been wrapped, still lying within; and thinking, either that their enemies had stolen it, or some of their friends privately removed it to a safer place, they departed to their own homes, probably intending to try to find out the truth respecting it.

Mary remained alone in the garden. It was still so early in the morning, that there was not a sound to disturb her sad thoughts. She remembered all the love of Jesus, and his great kindness and mercy to her. He had healed her of a most distressing disease; and memory

brought before her every gentle look and word of her beloved friend. She thought, too, of all the dreadful scenes of the last few days ; his trial, sufferings and painful death. She had seen him laid in the tomb, and had hoped that she might at least be allowed to shed her tears over his lifeless body. But even that comfort was denied her.

While she stood thus weeping and wondering, she stooped down and looked again into the sepulchre, and, to her surprise, saw two angels sitting there, who asked her the cause of her tears. She told them, and then turning away, as if fearful of intruding, she saw some one standing near her, whom she supposed to be the gardener. The stranger, too, kindly inquired the reason of her weeping ; and hoping that he might be able to tell her something that would remove her anxiety, she said, “Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away ?” She was so much agitated, and it was still so dark, that she did not know to whom she spoke. The stranger paused and then simply repeated her name, “MARY.” Why turned the weeping mourner so quickly, at that sound ? Why passed

there such a bright flush over her sad face, as with a glance of joy and love, she exclaimed, "Rabboni," Master! That gentle voice! She knew it well!

Dear children, it was the Lord who stood before her; it was Jesus himself who spake! Happy Mary! O what joy she felt!

Such is the scene described in the picture of Mary in the garden. We, too, may rejoice with her, dear children; for if Jesus had not risen from the dead, it would not have been known whether he was indeed the Son of God, or only a prophet, or holy man. His resurrection, his returning to life after death, proved him to be the Christ, and plainly showed that his Gospel was true. It was not only a proof that God had accepted the sacrifice of his dear Son, and that through faith in him sinners could be saved; but it also taught another precious and cheering truth. As Jesus died and rose again, so shall his people awake from the sleep of death and rise to share his glory. Their bodies may rest, for a little time, in the silent grave; but they will not always slumber there.

The flowers we have cherished with so much care, dear children, soon fade and die. The cold winds of au-

tumn blow rudely around them, and the delicate leaves and flowers fall to the ground. The little seeds sink into the earth and lie buried there. The loud storms of winter rage above their lowly bed, and the snow throws its pure, white covering over it. Are the plants we loved gone for ever? Shall we look upon them no more?

Spring comes with its cheerful sunshine and warm air. The seeds burst forth in new beauty from their safe resting-place; they lift up their heads, and, adorned with fresh, bright colours, perfume the air with their fragrance.

So is it with the Christian. His body sinks into the grave, but it will soon arise. At his Saviour's coming, it shall awake and come forth, no longer weak and liable to disease and decay, but clothed in immortal youth and beauty; a glorious body, that will die no more; and, being united to the soul, it shall enter into the presence of the Lord, to dwell with him for ever. "For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The Christian, then, need not fear to die. "The sting of death is sin; or, it is because men know that they are sinners

and deserve the wrath of God, that they are afraid of death. But they who believe in Jesus receive the pardon of their sins; they are no longer enemies of the Lord, but his children; and they long to be with the Redeemer they love. With gratitude and joy, they are able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

But will the bodies of Christians only arise? No, all that have ever lived upon the earth, from Adam down to the last man, shall awake from death. Not one shall be absent, when the Redeemer shall come again with great glory to judge the world. "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Then shall he separate the righteous from the wicked, and "these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

It will not matter, in that solemn hour, dear children, whether we were poor or rich, honoured or despised in

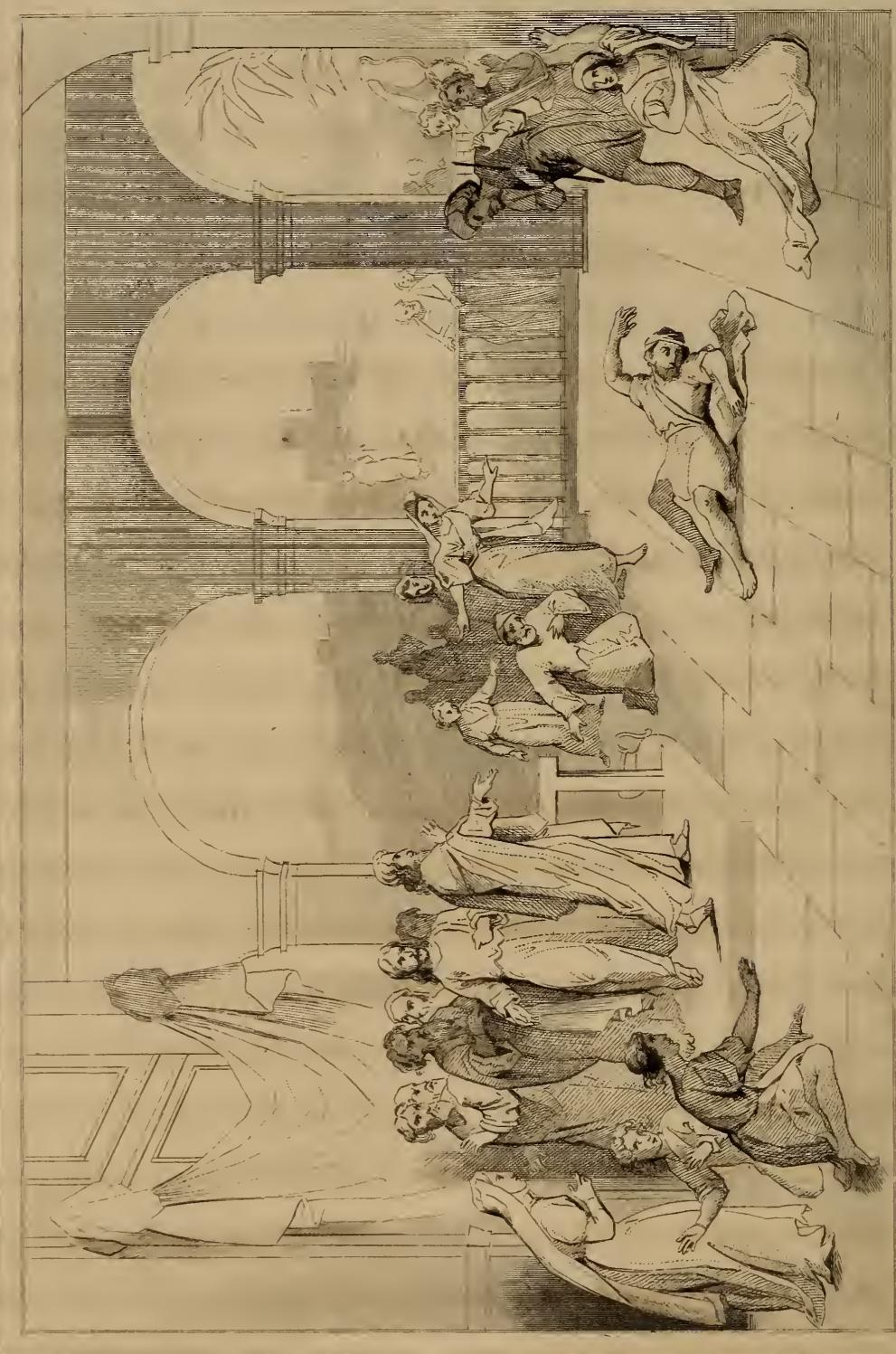
this world; but oh! how important will it be to have the Lord Jesus, the Judge, for our Saviour and friend! What will it profit us, if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?

After Jesus had appeared in the garden to Mary, he showed himself, also, the same day to the other women and to the eleven apostles. During the forty days that followed his resurrection, they were often favoured with his presence among them. He sat and ate and conversed with them, as he had done before his crucifixion. O how it filled the hearts of the disciples with joy to see him again and to be with him! They found him the same kind and gracious friend he had been before their sad separation. He taught them many things relative to his kingdom, and gave them instructions how to act when he should be no longer with them.

At the end of forty days, Jesus led them out to Bethany, and "he lifted up his hands and blessed them." It was the last time they saw their Lord on earth—the last blessing they ever heard fall from his lips in this world, for "it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven!"

Yes, “a cloud received him out of their sight!” Surprised and grieved, they stood fixed to the spot, from which he had arisen, gazing intently upward. The blue sky and the bright clouds were above them still; but their master was hidden from their eyes. While they were thus seeking, in vain, to catch another glimpse of their ascended Lord, “two men stood by them in white apparel,” who thus addressed them, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven.”

How comforting were those words! The same tried, beloved friend would return! He would be unchanged in his affection and interest in them. Doubtless the hearts of the disciples were cheered by the thought, as they went forth to labour for their Redeemer, and to “preach the Gospel to every creature,” as he had commanded them. They remembered too his blessed promise, “Lo, I am with you always; even unto the end of the world;” and they knew that he looked down upon them with love, and watched over them with the kindest care, though they saw him no more.



MORT D'ANANIAS.

ANANIAS TÔD. | DEATH OF ANANIAS.

DEATH OF ANANIAS.

AFTER the ascension of their blessed Master, the disciples, having received his promised gift of the Holy Spirit, went among their countrymen and preached the Gospel. They were no longer afraid to confess their faith in the Redeemer; for the Spirit of God had taught them what, before, they had not clearly understood. They now perceived how exactly, in his character, life and death, in his rising from the grave and in his ascension into heaven, he had fulfilled all the promises made by the holy prophets respecting the long-expected Messiah. Every doubt had been removed from their minds, and they saw clearly that there was no other way in which men could be saved, but by faith in Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. They loved him, and trusted in him for the pardon of their sins—they looked to him for strength and happiness and peace, and they resolved, with his help, to try to lead others to know and love him. They did not fear their

enemies, or shrink from dying, if it was necessary that they should thus suffer for the sake of their Lord. They preached, therefore, with great boldness and power, and many, hearing their words, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and became his faithful followers.

These early Christians loved each other so much, and felt so much alike, trusting in the same Saviour, and having the same desires and hopes, that it is said of them, in the book of the Acts of the Apostles, that they “were of one heart and of one soul.” Even those who hated or despised them, often exclaimed, “Behold, how these Christians love one another!”

Those among them who were rich, were so filled with love and pity for their poorer brethren, that as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles’ feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. None of them considered that “aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common.” Happy little company! They felt that they were all members of the same family and belonged to the same Re-

deemer. They had the same Father, Saviour and Guide, and looked forward to the same heavenly home.

But among all who bore the Christian name, were there not some who did not thus rejoice to give up all things for their Lord and Master?

Alas! dear children, there were, indeed, some who, while they professed to love the Saviour and his disciples, loved their houses and lands far better. Among these were Ananias and his wife Sapphira. They wished to be thought very pious and charitable, and so they too sold a piece of land, declaring that they intended to give the sum of money which they received for it, towards the support of the poor. Before taking it to the apostles, Ananias, with the consent and approbation of his wife, laid aside part of it for their own private use. He then went to a spot where the disciples were accustomed to meet, and there he found Peter with the other apostles, and a number of Christians. Ananias entered, and looking around him, probably felt glad to see so many persons there. He thought how surprised they would be, and how much they would praise him, when they saw him place the money at the feet of the apostles.

The eyes of all present were fixed on Ananias, as he drew near to Peter and placed the vessel that contained the money at his feet. He appeared very humble and generous; but ah! what wickedness was there in his heart; what pride and deceit were hidden there!

Ananias expected to have received many thanks from Peter, and to have been praised by the people. How surprised, then, was he when that apostle turned to him and said, in a stern voice, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained was it not thine own, and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."

As soon as Ananias heard these words, and saw that his sin had been found out, and that he had, indeed, been trying to deceive the Lord, he "fell down and gave up the ghost."

Yes, God punished his falsehood and deceit by instantaneous death. He who had been, but a few moments before, full of life and strength, lay pale and lifeless at the feet of the apostles. Look at the picture of this dreadful

scene. In it you will see the wretched man lying dead on the cold pavement. Peter, with his hand pointing towards him, stands near, and behind him are some of the apostles; while those present, terrified at the fearful sight, have fallen, trembling, on their knees. O what a proof is this that the Lord hates sin, and will destroy the sinner!

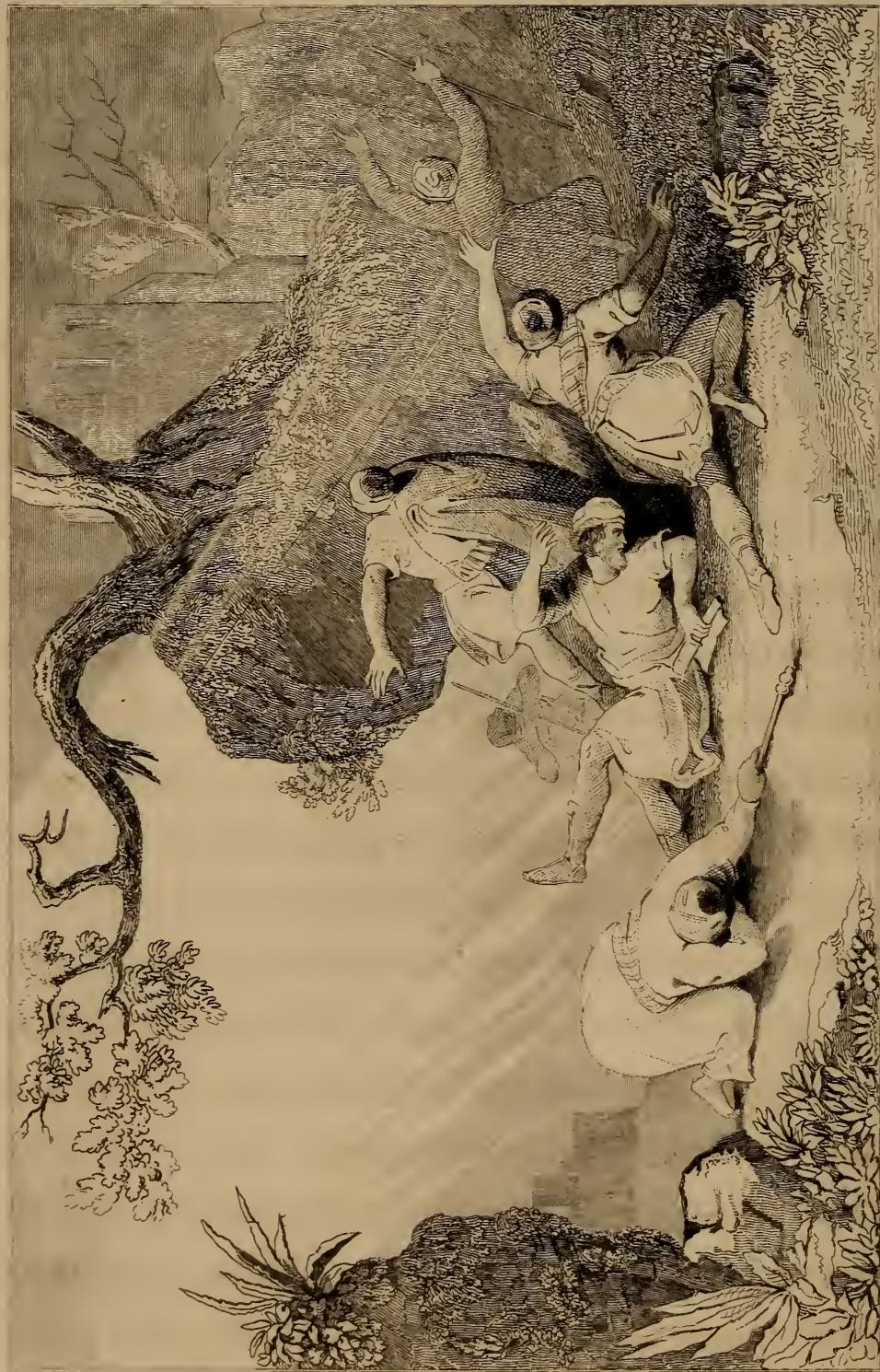
But this terrible scene has not yet ended. While those who saw the death of Ananias were still conversing in low tones about it, his wife Sapphira entered. The body of her husband had been taken away to be buried, and she knew nothing of what had occurred. All were silent when they saw her, and, probably, felt very anxious to know whether she also would attempt to deceive. Peter asked her if they had sold their land for the sum which Ananias had brought to him, and she answered "Yea, for so much," showing thus that she had joined with her husband in his sin. Then Peter said unto her, "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out." She had sinned in the same way as Ananias, and was punished, also, in the same dreadful manner, for "she fell down

straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband."

How dreadful was the punishment of Ananias and Sapphira! Truly the Lord seeth the heart! He knows the motives and desires that lead men to act! We may appear lovely and pious before our fellow-beings, but he can tell whether we are really acting from love to him, and are sincere and humble. He abhors falsehood and deceit. Solomon says, "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight." He may not openly punish men for their wickedness in this world, as he did Ananias and Sapphira, but, oh! dear children, there is an hour coming, when he will bring every thought into judgment, with every secret thing; and fearful, indeed, will be the punishment that shall fall upon the liar and deceiver. God hath said, that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Among those who shall be for ever shut out from the presence of the Lord, and from the joys and glories of heaven, is especially mentioned "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Stop then, dear children, when you are tempted to say what is not true with your lips, or to deceive by your actions, or in any other way, and remember Ananias and Sapphira. “Be sure your sin will find you out.” Your kind parents and friends may not know it; your companions may think that you are as sincere as you appear to be, but there is one who looks upon your heart. He is “angry with the wicked every day.” God will punish sin. “Lie not one to another,” but speak always the words of sincerity and truth. David prayed, “Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips!”

Let this be your prayer, my dear children, and may you serve the Lord “in sincerity and truth” all the days of your life!



SAUL SUR LE CHEMIN DE DAMAS.

SAUL AUF DEM WEGE NACH DAMAS. | SAUL GOING TO DAMASCUS.

SAUL ON HIS WAY TO TARSUS.

Castor and Pollux, like children, think you
are too little to run to the grave. They seem to be
afraid of the light that is shining so brightly around them.
Some have counted their tears as if he were to rise from
the earth. All the world are bewailing poor Paul. The world
will yet see all of you are not fit to bear his presence. You
will still have much time to be numbered among us. But
they say they will never see any man as exquisitely fitted
with such a commanding light. One of them holds a roll of
paper in his hand, which, amid all his brightness, he has con-
served. He must value it highly or he would have
left it off at present occasion. I pray every one would give
the command to the printer, and I will cause it to you; for
there can not be too few copies.

The number of those who believed in the Lord Jesus
increased daily and daily more largely. Many who
had been enemies to him now on the testifying of the saved,



SAUL ON HIS WAY TO DAMASCUS.

HERE is another picture, dear children, in which you see men fallen in terror to the ground. They seem to be afraid of the light that is shining so brightly around them. Some have covered their faces, as if to shut it out from their sight, while others are hastening away. The walls and towers of a city are seen at a little distance from them, and they would soon have reached it in safety, had they not been thus stopped and struck to the earth by that strange, overpowering light. One of them holds a roll of paper in his hand, which, amid all his fright, he has not dropped. He must value it highly, or he would have let it fall at such a moment. I am sure you would like to understand this picture, so I will explain it to you; but first I must tell you two histories.

The number of those who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ became every day larger and larger. Many who at first would not listen to the preaching of the Gospel,

and ridiculed the humble followers of the Lord, were changed by the Spirit of God, and became the sincere and faithful servants of the Saviour, whom they had despised. This made many of the Jews very angry. They could not bear to see their friends confessing their trust in him whom their nation had crucified. They were filled with cruel rage when they heard many of their acquaintances calling “Jesus of Nazareth” the Messiah, their Redeemer and King.

Among those who were the enemies of Christ and his people, was a young man whose name was Saul. He was a native of Tarsus, but had been sent, while quite young, to Jerusalem, that he might have the best teachers to be found in that city. Gamaliel, one of the most learned of the Pharisees, a man esteemed and respected by the Jews for his wisdom and strict observance of the law of Moses, had been chosen his instructor. By him, Saul had been carefully taught to understand and perform the duties of the Jewish religion. From his earliest youth, he had been accustomed to attend to all the ceremonies of their worship, and strictly observe all the customs enjoined by the elders of the people. He not only himself

looked upon all the rites of the religion of his fathers as sacred, but he wished all his countrymen to love and venerate them as he did. When, therefore, he beheld many of them turning from the faith of the Jews, and worshiping Jesus as their Lord, the Christ, he was exceedingly displeased. When he found that they could not be moved to renounce their Saviour by ridicule or even threats, he went still farther, and, entering their quiet homes, he dragged them forth and placed them before the Sanhedrim or great council of the nation. Here he accused them of forsaking the worship of God; and persuaded the elders and chief priests to send them to prison. But even this cruel treatment did not produce the effect Saul desired. After spending many long and lonely days in cold, cheerless prisons, the Christians could not be induced to deny their Lord. They loved him still more—they were willing even to die for his sake. They only answered to Saul's earnest entreaties, "None but Christ, none but Christ." This made their persecutor hate them still more. Many, by his influence, were put to death, and, with their dying breath, sang the praises of their Redeemer.

Now Saul thought that in doing this he was pleasing God, and, having a very firm and persevering spirit, he felt determined to try if he could entirely destroy the religion of Christ. He did not spare either women, or old men, or children, but led to punishment all who were not ashamed or afraid to call Jesus their Lord. Not satisfied with doing all the injury he could to them in Jerusalem, he went to the high priest and asked for power to seize any whom he should be able to find in Damascus, and bring them to his own city to be tried and punished. He obtained permission to do so; and, having received a letter, written and signed by the high priest, he set out on his journey with great joy. Damascus was more than an hundred miles from Jerusalem. The road to it lay between two mountains. But while Saul, with a few companions, is travelling towards that old and beautiful city, I have another history to tell you.

If you had visited the Christians in Jerusalem, dear children, a few years after they were thus persecuted by Saul, you would have often heard them speak of a holy and beloved minister of the Gospel, named Paul. They would have told you of his faithful labours in the cause

of his Master—how he sought, day and night, to lead men to Jesus—how he boldly preached to the Jews, that he, whom they had crucified, was indeed the Son of God, and how he feared not the sufferings which his enemies had inflicted upon him. When they were telling, perhaps with tears of love and pity, of all he had borne for the sake of Jesus—his many imprisonments—his iron chains—his patient endurance of cold and hunger, and all the dangers through which he had passed, your hearts would have been filled with sympathy for this devoted follower of Christ. You would not have doubted his attachment to his Saviour. Oh no! You would rather have exclaimed, “How much does he love Jesus!”

But would you not have been surprised, dear children, if they had told you that this servant of Christ was the same man who had once hated the name of Jesus, and tried utterly to destroy his people? Could you have believed that the cruel, persecuting Saul was the same as the faithful, affectionate Christian, Paul? But it was even so, dear children; and to explain to you how the lion was thus changed into a lamb, I must go back again to Saul, and tell you what happened to him on his way to Damascus.

He had almost reached the end of his journey. Already were the strongly-built towers of Damascus dimly seen in the distance. It was noon when the travellers arrived thus within a few miles of the city. The burning rays of the sun could scarcely have been borne by them, had they not been passing over the cool and shady plain, in the midst of which Damascus stood. But here the heat was not felt, for the palm and cypress trees waved their green branches above the heads of the weary men. The banks of the rivulets were adorned with beautiful flowers of those bright, rich colours, which are only to be seen in eastern climes; and birds with golden wings flitted from plant to plant, and from tree to tree, filling the air with their sweet music. It was a charming scene, but Saul scarcely noticed it. Its quiet beauty was unfelt; it did not touch his heart, or fill it with praise to the Maker of these wondrous works. O no! the mind of Saul was filled with other thoughts. He was, probably, thinking of the best plan to be pursued in persecuting the Christians of Damascus, and how he could convey them bound to Jerusalem. But suddenly he was awakened from his musing. "There shined round about him a light

from heaven—above the brightness of the sun.” So exceedingly strong and startling was this flash of light, that Saul, and those who were with him, fell to the ground; and immediately he heard a voice, saying unto him, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” It is probable that at this time, the Lord Jesus himself appeared to the trembling man, encircled with the glory which surrounds him on his heavenly throne. And Saul said, “Who art thou, Lord?” Oh! how humbled and alarmed must this enemy of Christ have felt when the voice replied, “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest!” Yes, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou dost hate and despise. And he, that proud Pharisee, conscious of his guilt and danger, filled with sorrow for his sinful conduct, and believing that he, whom he had scorned, was indeed the Lord of glory, cried out, in sincere submission to the authority of Jesus, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” He did not stop to think of what the scribes and Pharisees would say if he became a follower of Christ, or of the ridicule and hatred of his friends, and of all the Jews—no, he gave himself to the Saviour to be his servant—to obey his commands as his rightful Lord.

He was resolved, from that hour even until the end of his life, to love and serve the Redeemer. And when Jesus answered, "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do," he immediately obeyed. The men who journeyed with him had seen the light and heard the noise, but they had not understood what had been said to their companion. When Saul arose, and would have looked around him, he found that the intense light had blinded his eyes, so that he could not see. His friends were obliged to take him by the hand and lead him into the city.

Do you not understand the picture, now, dear children?

For three days Saul, whom we shall now call Paul, a name given to him after he became a Christian, remained quite blind. He passed much of his time in earnest prayer to God. His heart was filled with love to that blessed Saviour, who had met him in the way, and who, by his Holy Spirit, made him see his sinfulness, and enabled him to believe in him as his Redeemer. He longed to speak to others of the wonderful mercy of God in giving his dear Son to die for sinners. He waited patiently, but anx-

iously, to know what the Lord would have him do in his service.

At the end of the three days, Ananias, a servant of Christ, was sent to Paul, to tell him, that God had chosen him to preach the Gospel to the Jews and Romans; indeed, to the whole heathen world. When Ananias met him, he addressed him with much affection, saying, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

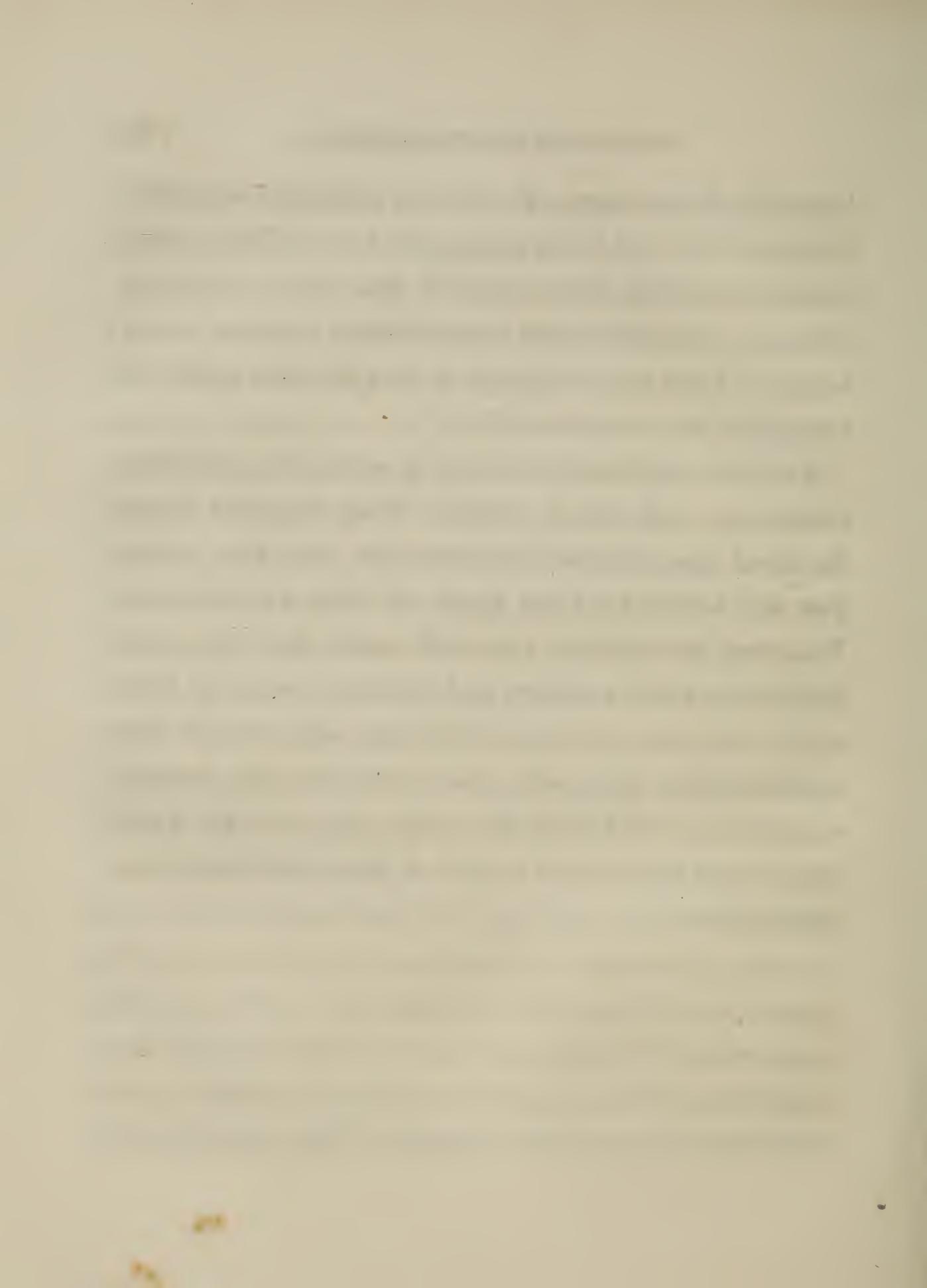
It must have sounded very pleasantly in the ears of this new disciple of Christ, to be called "Brother" by a Christian. He, doubtless, felt very unworthy to be thus numbered among the people of God; but though he called himself the "chief" of sinners, yet he knew that Jesus would cast out none who came to him, seeking salvation. So, when his eyes were opened, he arose and was baptized, as a token to others that he wished, henceforth, to serve the Lord. "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusa-

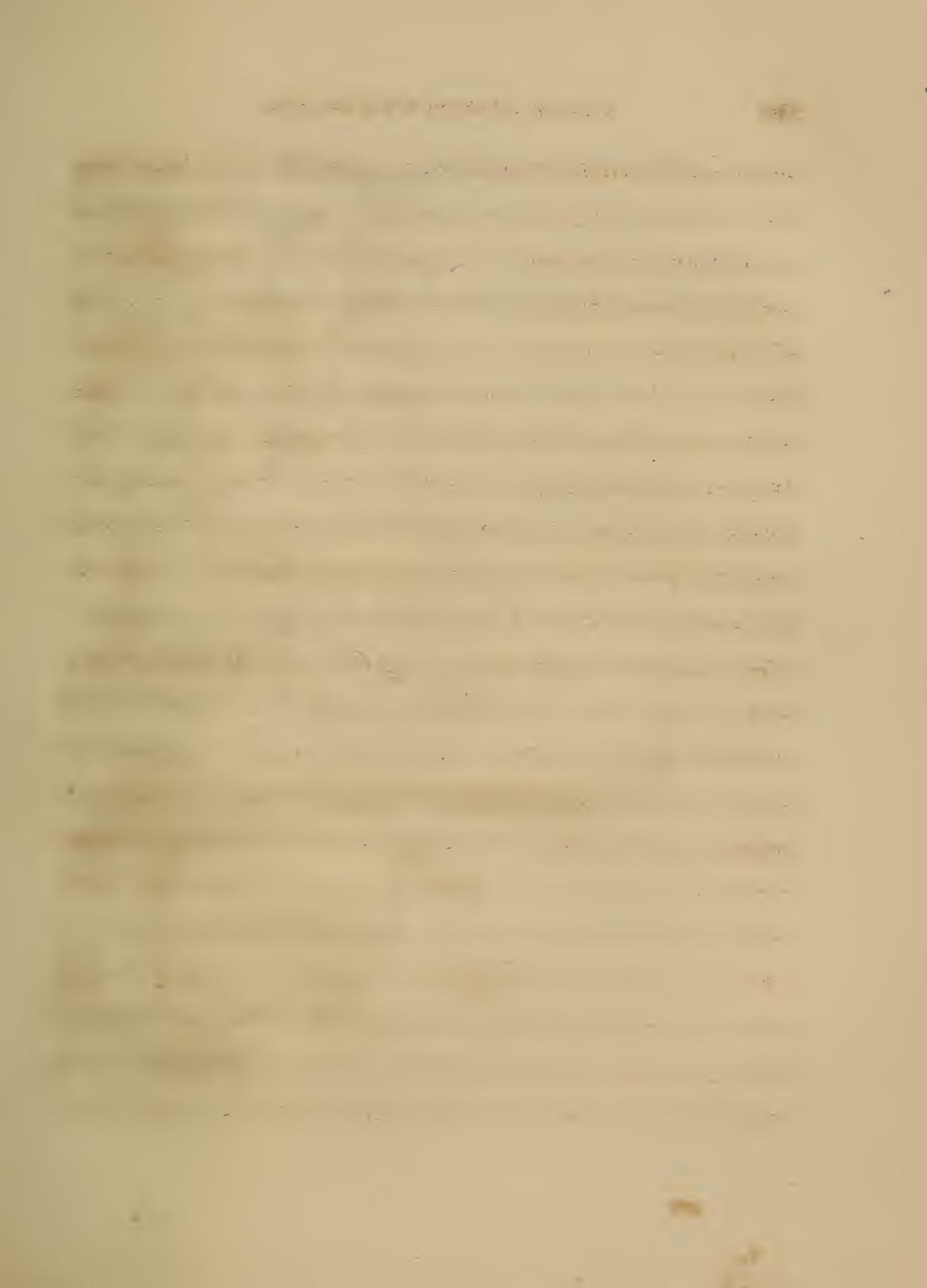
lem ; and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests ?”

How great a change had taken place in Paul! From a proud, self-righteous Pharisee, he had become a meek and humble follower of the lowly Saviour—from a bitter enemy of Christ and his people, he had been changed into a bold and faithful minister of the Gospel! Was he not a “new creature?” Did he not, indeed, seem like another person, so different were all his feelings, motives and desires from what they had been before? Once he had thought himself much better than those around him; was proud of his goodness, and expected that God would reward him for keeping his law; and would receive him into heaven on account of his good works. Now, he felt that he was a guilty sinner; that his heart was desperately wicked; that he had never done any thing to deserve the favour of the Lord, and must perish for ever, unless he was forgiven and loved by God, for the sake of Christ, his Son. Formerly, he had despised and hated Jesus, the Redeemer, but now, he prayed to him for pardon; he believed that he was willing and able to save his perishing soul, and he trusted in him entirely, and loved

him with all his heart. O what an alteration was this! None but God could thus change the heart. This is what is meant by being “born again;” and such a change as this must take place in the heart of every one who enters heaven. Jesus said, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

Yes, dear children, no one of you can be saved from eternal wo, and rise to dwell in those mansions which the Lord has prepared for them that love him, unless you are changed by the Spirit of God, as Paul was. You may be amiable, kind and gentle, but you must feel that you are a sinner, and you must come to Jesus to be forgiven; you must love him and trust in him or you cannot be saved. You may love your parents, companions and friends, but unless you love the Lord Jesus Christ you are not a child of God, and you cannot enter heaven. -







PAUL ET BARNAËAS À LYSTRÆ.

PÄUL UND BARNABAS IN LYSTRA.

PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYstra.

PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSERA.

Amongst all the early Christians, there was none more full of love to God and man than Paul, once the cruel persecutor of the church of Christ. From the hour when he first gave himself to his Saviour, to be his servant, he continued to declare, openly and boldly, that Jesus was the Son of God. He never grew weary in his Master's service, nor shrinking from town and from village to village, preaching his gospel. And he was not in danger from his enemies; for their threats and violence did not terrify him, nor make him cease to speak of Jesus.

Paul and Barnabas (his beloved friend, and a faithful minister of the Lord) were sent forth by the church at Antioch to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus the Son of God, to all heathen nations.

They went from one city to another, calling upon the Gentiles to renounce the worship of the Idols which their own hands had made, and to return to the service of the



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They went from one city to another, calling upon the Gentiles to forsake the worship of the idols which their own hands had made, and to return to the service of the

true God. They told them of all his wonderful love to lost men, and of the way of escape which had been opened for sinners by the life, the sufferings and death of his beloved Son, by faith in whose name all mankind could be saved. Many, hearing this glad news, rejoiced greatly and became the followers of Christ.

After visiting and preaching in many cities in Asia, the apostles came to Lystra. Now there was living at this place a poor cripple, who had been lame from his birth. He had never been able to walk without the use of crutches to carry him from place to place. His days were long and weary. Years went by; but though a man, he was, in many respects, as helpless as a child. He had no Bible to comfort him—he knew nothing of that happy place where sickness and sorrow can never come. He was afraid to think of death, for all beyond it was dark and cheerless. He did not even know that he possessed a soul that must live for ever. Poor man! Do you not pity him, dear children?

There are many thousands, yes, millions of people, at this present time, in the world, who are just as ignorant as was this lame man. They know no more of God or

heaven or hell than he did. They have no Bible—they have never heard of a Saviour.

You have great blessings, dear children—kind parents, teachers and ministers—you are taught to read the Bible, and to understand its precious truths. Morning and evening, when you kneel before God, to thank him for all his care over you, and to ask his love and blessing, will you not then remember the poor heathen, and pray that he would send them the word of life, the Holy Bible? Then shall they, who now sit in darkness, receive, as did this poor cripple, the words of eternal life.

Having gone, with the help of his crutches, to the place where the apostles were teaching the crowds that came together to hear them, he became one of their most attentive listeners. He heard them speak of Jesus, of his mighty works, his sinless life, his sufferings and death.

Paul, seeing that this man was deeply interested in his preaching, and knowing, as he did, by the power of God, that he had faith to be healed, said unto him, with a loud voice, so that all around them might hear, “Stand upright on thy feet.”

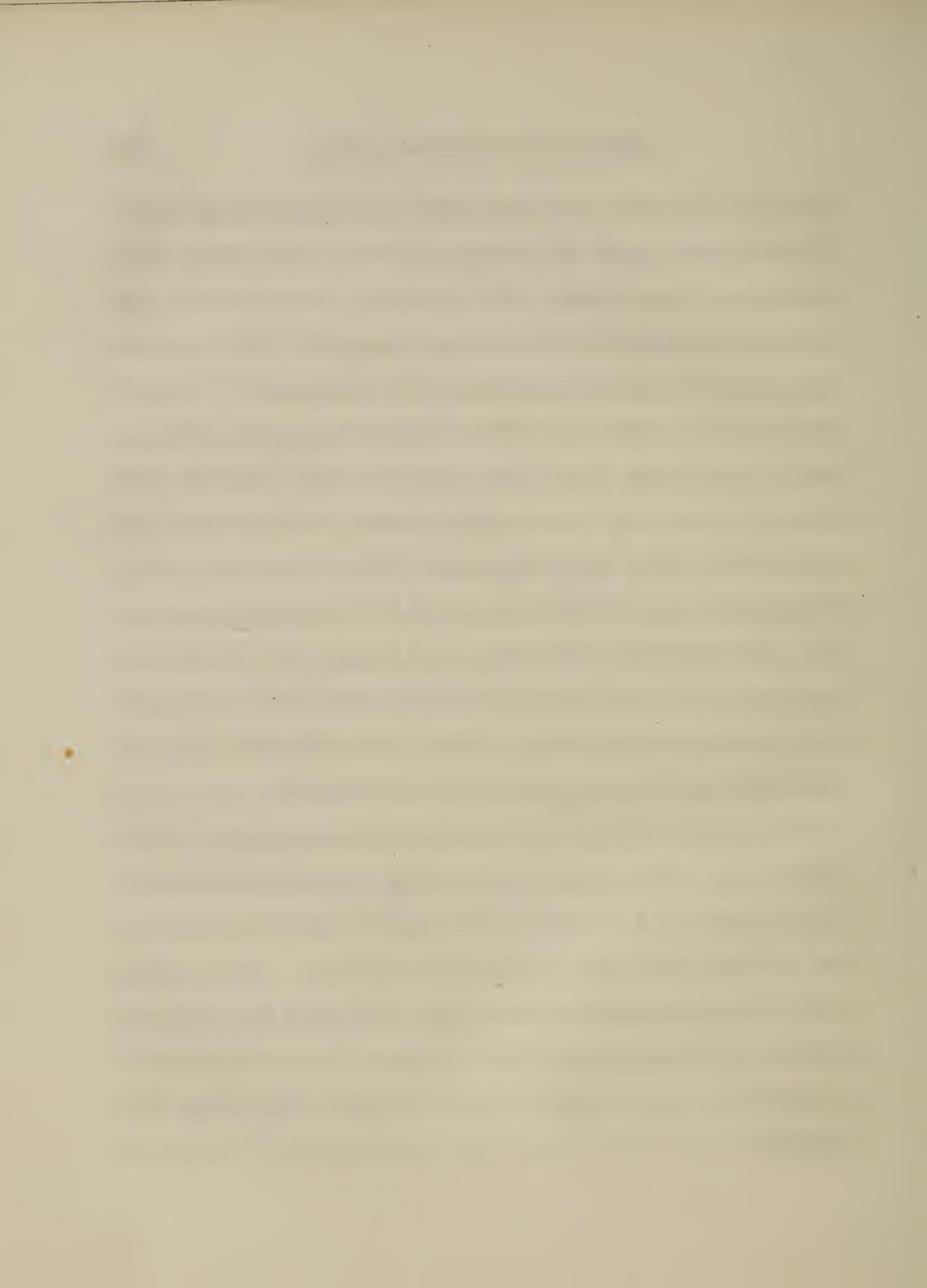
The cripple had never used his limbs; and if he had

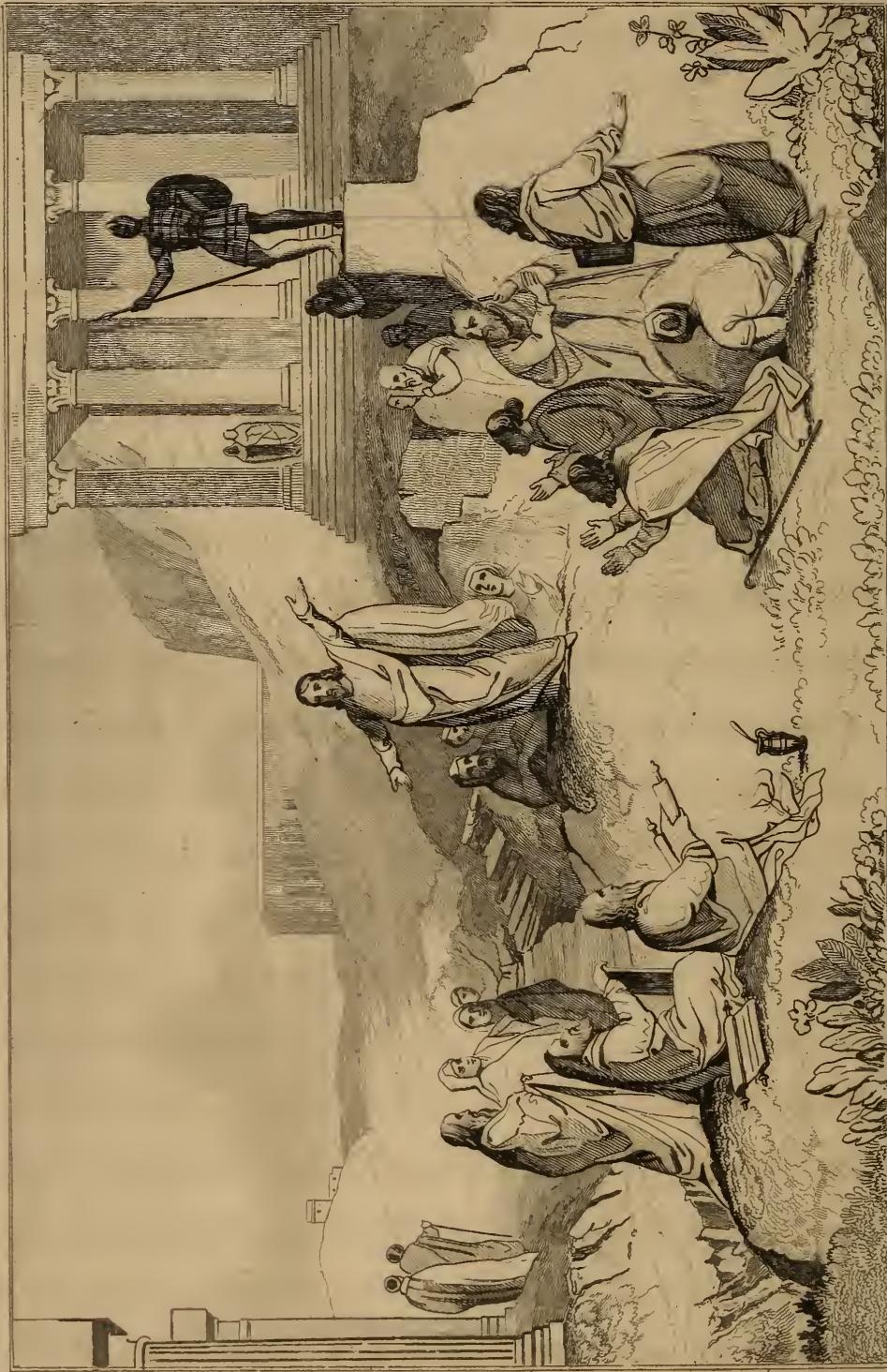
not trusted in the strength which the Lord could give, (in whose name the apostle commanded him to arise,) he would not have made an effort to do so ; he would have continued sitting, and told them that he could not do it. But he immediately arose—"he leaped and walked." And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying, The gods are come down to us, in the likeness of men. They thought that the false gods, whom they worshiped, had left their thrones, and appeared thus among them. "They called Barnabas, Jupiter," which was the name of their most powerful god ; and "Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker," Mercury being a messenger of the gods.

In front of the gates of the city of Lystra a beautiful temple had been built to Jupiter, in which they had placed an image of him, sitting on a throne of gold. Unto this idol they offered sacrifices, slaying oxen and other animals before his altar. Thinking that this mighty god, with his companion, Mercury, were really present, the priest of Jupiter brought oxen, wearing garlands, (with which they were accustomed to adorn their sacrifices,) and prepared to kill them and offer them upon the altar

before the apostles. They thought that none but their gods could have cured the lame man.

It is this scene which the picture describes. In it you will see the happy cripple; his crutches thrown upon the pavement, his hands clasped together with gratitude and joy, and his eyes fixed on Paul and Barnabas, who are standing a little apart from the multitude, on a platform. Behind him a young man and woman are looking down at these useless sticks, while an old man, whose head has grown grey in the service of Jupiter, is slowly bending to take them up. Perhaps he intends to hang them in the temple of the false god, as a proof of his great power. Two little boys stand near the altar, on which one of them has placed some sweet spices, from a box that he holds in his hand. They are burning slowly, and send forth a delightful perfume. The other is playing on some instrument of music. A man, on the right of the apostles, holds a goat by its horns, and looks up in Paul's face, as though he wished to know if he is pleased with his offering. Some of the people have placed garlands of flowers on their heads,—some have even knelt in prayer, while others press as near as possible to the





PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

PAULUS PREDIGT IN ATHEN.

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Athens is one of the oldest cities in the world. It was built many hundred years before the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was, for a long time, a most celebrated and powerful city. The bravest and wisest men, whose fame has spread over all the earth, were born in Athens. There were numerous, famous governors born there with the names of the hundreds of years, and are still considered the finest in the world, lived and died there. The most skillful sculptors, who could carve beautiful figures in marble or stone, and make images of men and animals so real that they almost seemed to breathe and move, were born at Athens. It contained the most costly, curious and precious things that the hand of man ever made. It gave its name itself to Greece, called Athos, which means high and noble. They were very proud of their city, and envied it much, because their



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ATHENS is one of the oldest cities in the world. It was built many hundred years before the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was, for a long time, a most celebrated and splendid city. The bravest and wisest men, whose fame has spread over all the earth, were born in Athens. The greatest painters, whose pictures have been kept with the utmost care for hundreds of years, and are still considered the finest in the world, lived and died there. The most skilful sculptors, who could carve beautiful figures in marble or stone, and make images of men and animals so natural that they almost seemed to breathe and move, were natives of Athens. It contained the most costly temples and public buildings that the hands of men ever made. The people who dwelt in it were called Athenians—were brave, learned and polite. They were very proud of their noble city, and lived in much luxury and

ease within its walls. They thought themselves wiser than any other race of men.

But with all their wisdom, they were ignorant of the true God, their Creator and Redeemer. They bowed down to idols, and used the most wicked and foolish ceremonies in worshiping them. Their most learned men did not know that their souls were immortal. Some of them hoped they would exist beyond the grave, but they did not feel any certainty about it.

It was among these people that Paul preached the gospel. When he entered the gates of Athens and passed through its streets, adorned with beautiful temples, erected in honour of their false gods; when he looked upon the altars on which they offered sacrifices to their gods, and gazed on the statues before which they knelt in prayer, he was deeply grieved. "His spirit was stirred within him," and while others around him were filled with admiration and delight at all these wonderful proofs of the art and skill of men, he, alone, amid the multitude, mourned for the unhappy beings, who, with immortal souls, that must appear before the judgment seat of God, had yet known nothing of Jesus, their only Saviour.

He was, probably, the first Christian minister whose feet had ever trodden the streets of that proud, guilty city; and though a stranger, friendless and poor, he resolved to preach to them “Christ and him crucified.”

At first, Paul preached in the market-place, where he met some of the wise men of Athens, who were curious to know what “this babbler,” or low fellow, as they called him, would say. Some of them thought he wished to increase the number of their gods, “because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection,” and called upon them to worship him. In order that they might have a better opportunity of hearing him speak, they took him to “Mars’ Hill,” where their judges held their court; and where the most learned men of the city were assembled. This hill was almost in the midst of Athens, and from its height could be seen many beautiful temples and altars.

Perhaps it was in passing to it, that Paul saw an altar, which attracted his attention. On it were written these words, “To the unknown God.” It is probable, that in the time of some danger, which the Athenians feared would fall upon them, having been

saved from it in some new way, without the help of the idols whom they usually worshiped, they had supposed that an unknown god had delivered them. Not knowing by what name to address him, they had built an altar with this inscription upon it, and there offered up sacrifices and sang songs of praise. Paul, knowing that it was God alone who had power to save from danger, commenced his discourse by speaking to them on this subject. Standing then on Mars' Hill, with the learned men of Athens sitting or standing in deep silence and attention around him, this humble, fearless servant of Jesus, thus addressed them: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything; seeing he giveth to all, life and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all

the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being.” Paul then tried to convince them of the folly and wickedness of idolatry; and told them that God “commanded all men, every where, to repent,” and prepare to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, when he should come to judge the world. He also spoke to them of the resurrection of Jesus, and would, doubtless, have taught them many precious truths of the Bible, had not these wise men refused to listen to him any longer. Some openly mocked him, and quickly left the spot; others turned more quietly away, saying, “We will hear thee again of this matter.”

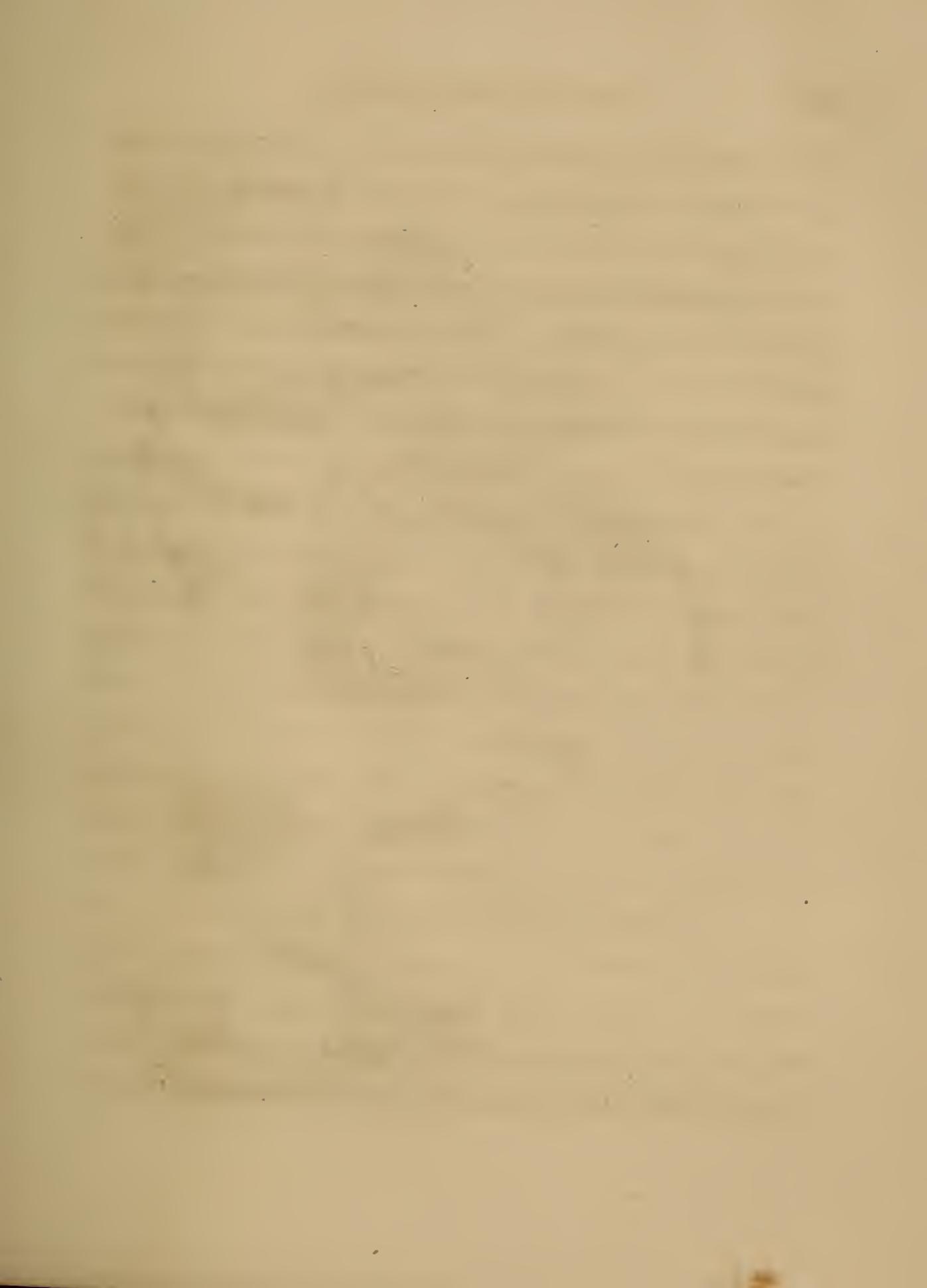
So Paul was left with very few listeners about him, as you will see, from the picture of this scene. It was, probably, the last time that his voice was ever heard, proclaiming the salvation of Jesus, within the walls of that splendid, yet ignorant and wicked city. It was the last opportunity that many of them ever enjoyed

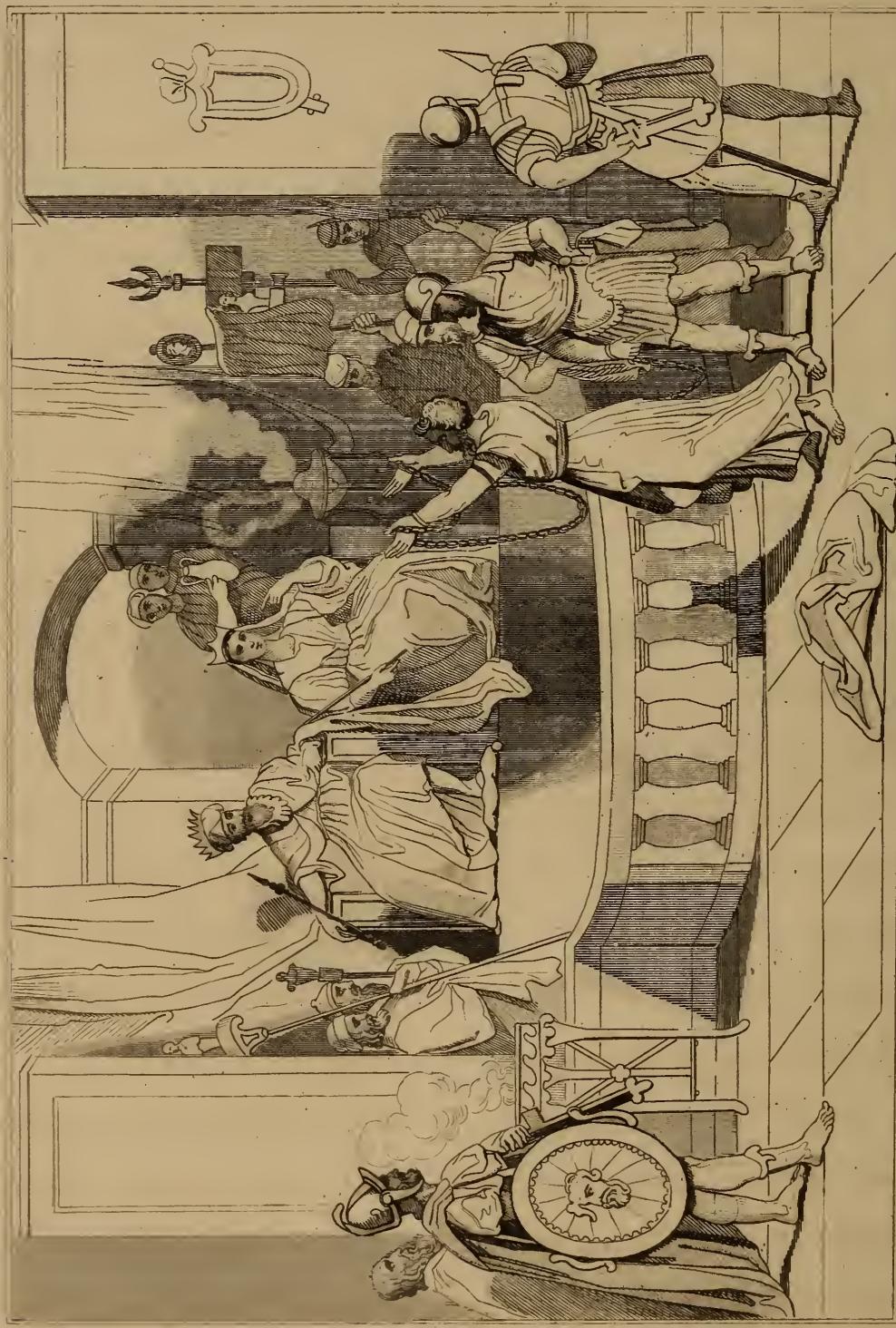
of hearing about him, who “came into the world to save sinners.” They continued to worship gods that could not profit them; and lived and died without a hope of eternal life.

If we fear that many of those, who had but very few opportunities of hearing the Gospel, and who listened to the minister of Christ only a few times, thus perished in their sins, and were lost, because they refused to believe in the only-begotten Son of God, how much sorcer punishment will fall upon us, if, with all our knowledge and instruction, we do not become the followers of the Saviour? We have the Bible in our hands, and kind parents and teachers to explain it to us; we have heard many sermons, and we know much of the life and sufferings of him who died for us. How dreadful will it be, then, if, after having had all these great blessings, we should not be found at last among the children of God? Now, in our youth, let us begin to love and serve our Redeemer, and he will be our guide, our comfort and support through life, and our faithful and beloved friend, when “time shall be no more.”

There are only two persons mentioned, as having re-

ceived the word of God, and believed in Jesus, from Paul's preaching at Athens. These were Dionysius, a learned Athenian, and Damaris, a woman of that city ; but it is said that others, with them, accepted of the Saviour of whom they then heard. They were but few in number ; perhaps despised and ridiculed by their friends ; but they will rejoice throughout eternity, that they listened to the minister of the Lord, when he preached to them on Mars' Hill.





PAUL DEVANT LE ROI AGRIPPA.

PAULUS VOR AGRIPPA.

PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

HERE is a picture of a prisoner pleading his cause before a king. The king sits upon his throne, wearing a sparkling crown, and holding a sceptre of gold in his hand. By his side is his sister, adorned with jewels, and clothed in the rich dress of a queen. Royal banners are waving above them, and incense, burning on an altar near the throne, fills the air with the sweetest perfume. Guards and officers stand around them, ready to obey their commands, and great men have assembled together to do them honour. They have come forth from the palace with much pomp, and they will soon return to it, to enjoy its pleasures and luxuries.

Before them stands a man in a coarse dress and with bare feet, whose arms are laden with heavy chains, that rattle at every motion. His face is very pale, as though he had suffered much. He has endured hunger and cold

and pain—has been separated from all his friends, and for a long time has been kept a prisoner in a dungeon. A soldier stands near and holds one end of his chain, as if he feared the poor captive would try to escape; but soon he will be led back again to his dreary prison. Yet, strange as it may seem, he does not look sad. His countenance is far more peaceful and happy than that of the king!

If it were in your power to choose, who would you rather be, this monarch on his throne, or this prisoner in chains? I will tell you more about them, and then you can better judge.

This king and queen are Agrippa and Berenice; and their helpless captive is Paul, the faithful apostle of Jesus. The Jews, filled with the most cruel hatred towards this servant of Christ, brought him before Festus, their governor, and demanded his life. To escape from the violent rage of his countrymen, Paul appealed to the emperor, and asked to be sent to Rome to be tried by him. To this request his enemies were obliged to yield; but before he left Cesarea, to commence his voyage to that distant city, Agrippa arrived on a visit to Festus, the governor.

He and his sister, who accompanied him, had often heard of Paul, and felt much curiosity to see him and hear him speak. It is to gratify this wish, and to give Agrippa an opportunity of judging of Paul's case, that he is now placed before the throne.

Does he plead for his life? Does he ask to be set free? Oh no! He speaks of what is dearer to him than life or freedom. He takes this opportunity of preaching the blessed Gospel! He begins with a short account of his early life—of his strict obedience to the Jewish law—of his hatred to the Christians—of his journey to Damascus, and the great change which took place in him on his way thither, and of the wonderful grace of God, which turned him from the paths of sin, made him a Christian, and enabled him to be a faithful minister of Christ. Then, reminding Agrippa, who was a Jew, of all that the prophets had spoken respecting the Messiah, he asks him if he does not believe the testimony of these holy men of old? The king, convinced of the truth of what Paul has spoken, and seeing how entirely the Lord Jesus had fulfilled all that had been taught in the Scriptures, respecting the Saviour, replies, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a

Christian.” Then Paul, strong in the love of Jesus, and filled with the comfort and joy which he gives his beloved people, clasping his hands together with an earnestness that makes the sound of his heavy, clanging chains loud and startling, exclaims with much emotion, “I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds!”

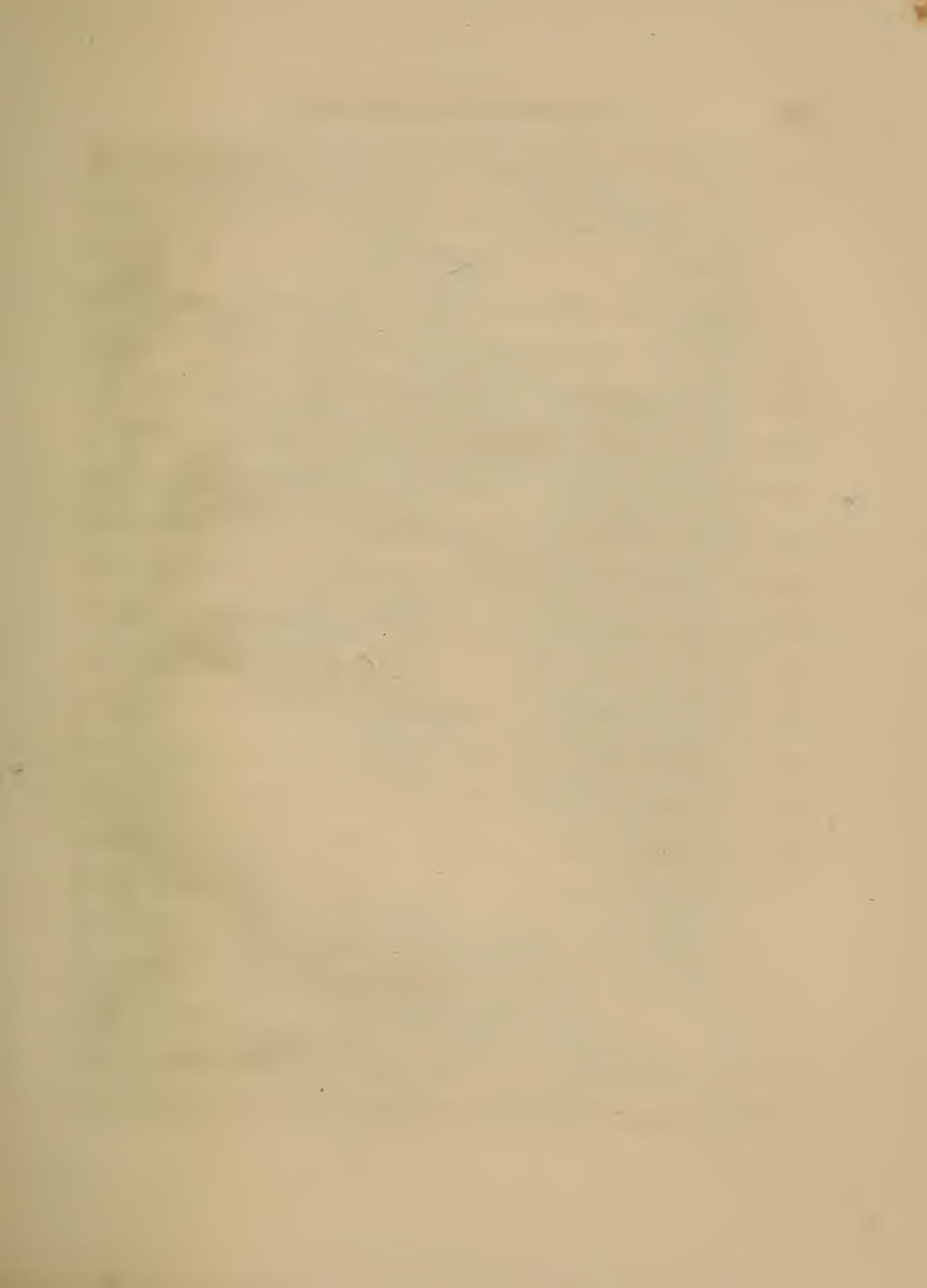
When he had thus spoken, the king and queen arose, and, accompanied by their attendants, left the apartment. Agrippa returned to his splendid palace, and was again surrounded by its pomp and gaiety. But can he be happy? He knows that he is living in disobedience to the commands of God’s law—that he is a sinner; and yet he is unwilling to become a Christian. He cannot think of bearing the ridicule and scorn that will fall upon him, if he confess Jesus to be the Lord, and submits to his will. Sometimes, when he looks forward to the hour of death, which he knows must come, and remembers that all men must appear before God, in judgment, he wishes that he were, indeed, a disciple of Christ; but he tries to drive such thoughts away by mingling in the gay scenes around

him, and too often succeeds in doing so. Amid all his pleasures, his heart is heavy and sad.

Paul is led back again to his cold prison. He knows that, so far from giving him his liberty, his enemies will soon send him away from his native land; and that he will probably lose his life for the sake of his Master. But he is still happy. Jesus is with him to cheer him with his presence, and he knows that whether he lives or dies, his Saviour will never leave him. For him “to die is gain,” since he would only change his place of abode, passing from earth to heaven. He enjoys more happiness in his dungeon than the kings of this world do upon their thrones.

Behold, then, the situation and feelings of Paul and Agrippa, and think which you would choose. O who would not rather be the despised and humble Christian, with the love of God in his heart, and the bright hope of heaven to cheer him, than the rich and guilty king, amid all the splendours of his palace?







PAUL AUF DER INSEL MELITA.

PAUL IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

PAUL IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

PAUL IN THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

Soon after Paul's address before king Agrippa, he was sent, with other prisoners, on board of the vessel that was to convey him to Rome. Luke, who wrote the book of Acts, in which there is an account of this voyage, and Aristarchus, a beloved Christian friend, both accompanied Paul on his journey to the distant city, where he was to have his trial.

They had not sailed far when a great storm arose and the ship was tossed about on the waves, and driven swiftly before the violent winds. For some time the tempest was so severe, and the sky so dark, that they neither saw the sun during the day, nor a single star at night, and at last they even gave up all hope of their lives being saved.

But now, when they were in great distress, Paul arose and begged them to "be of good cheer," for the God whom he served had sent an angel to tell him not to be afraid, and that they would all escape in safety to the

land. The Lord watched over his faithful servants. He could keep them from all harm on the raging sea as well as on the dry ground. So after being a long time in the storm, and having been carried by it near an island, the ship ran aground, or stuck fast in the sand, and was broken, but no lives were lost. Some of the crew swam to the shore, and the rest reached it by catching hold of the boards and broken pieces of the vessel, as the waves bore them to the land. “And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita.” The name of it now is Malta, and it lies in the Mediterranean Sea, not far from the coast of Sicily. You will find it there, easily, on your map of Europe.

The people who lived on the island then were poor and ignorant, but they were very kind to the wet and shivering strangers, who claimed their pity and care. Luke says, they “showed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire and received us, every one, because of the present rain and because of the cold.”

It was while standing round this fire, enjoying its pleasant heat, that the scene took place which is described in the picture. When Paul had gathered a bundle

of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat and fastened on his hand." This serpent was probably hidden among the sticks of wood, and being soon warmed, it crawled out from its hiding-place and coiled itself round his hand. Now the bite of the viper is so poisonous that many persons have died immediately after being bitten, and some, who have lived a very little while, have died at last in great agony. But Paul "shook off the beast into the fire and felt no harm." He stood quite calm and without fear, as you see in the picture.

Look at the faces of those around him, dear children, and see how much terror they express. They expected that "he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly," thinking that he must be a very wicked man, perhaps a murderer, whom the gods were about to punish in this dreadful manner. "After they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god."

They passed three months on this island, and lodged, at first, in the house of a man named Publius, who was, probably, the governor, as he is said to have been the "chief man" among the people who lived there. His

father was very sick at that time, and “Paul entered in and prayed, and laid his hands on him and healed him.” It was in the name of his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, that the apostle wrought this miracle: it was not done by any power of his own. “So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came and were healed.”

When Paul and his companions departed in a ship for Rome, the people of the island made them many presents, to show their gratitude for the benefits they had received through the hands of the apostle.

When Paul arrived at Rome, he was not brought immediately before the emperor for trial; and though not set free, he was still allowed much liberty. It is said that he “dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.”

While he was thus living at Rome, he wrote many of his epistles, or letters, to the Christian churches. In one of them, addressed to Timothy, whom he calls

his “dearly beloved son,” he thus speaks of his being willing and ready to die. “I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.” Thus calmly and joyfully did this aged servant of Jesus look forward to the hour of death. He feared it not—he longed to be with his blessed Redeemer. He had passed through many trials and sufferings—had grown old in the service of his Master, and now he earnestly desired to be at rest with him in heaven.

It is generally supposed that the faithful Paul was put to death by Nero, a cruel emperor of Rome, who slew great numbers of the Christians. It is not certainly known in what manner he died, but we cannot doubt that his happy spirit arose to dwell for ever with his God and Saviour.

Nearly two thousand years have passed away since these “Scenes in the Holy Land” took place. All the persons mentioned in them have, long since, left this

world. If you have been interested in them you will wish to know more about them, and in the Holy Scriptures you will find their histories written. Read that sacred volume with reverence and attention, and pray to God to enable you to understand its solemn truths, for they can make you “wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.”

Yes, it has been almost two thousand years since the Saviour lived on earth; since he dwelt among men, and suffered and died for us sinners. I have told you much about him, dear children. Have you not longed to call him your Friend, and to feel his love in your hearts? Remember he hath said, “They that seek me early, shall find me.”

You have heard, also, of the apostles and disciples of Jesus, who loved him with all their hearts, and gladly laid down their lives for his sake. You have seen them passing through many trials here, and you know that they are now with their Lord in heaven, and that there they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. They are now clothed in white raiment, and have harps of gold

in their hands, and they stand for ever before the throne of God and the Lamb. Would you join that happy company? Would you dwell in that happy place? Then, dear children, you must love their Saviour—you must become the followers of Christ, and you also shall join, at last, in their glad song of praise to him who loved them, and washed them from sin in his own blood.

THE END.









